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THE HON. THOMAS C. CATCHINGS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.—[See Page 318.]

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has rendered a great service to the American people by defeating, through the exercise of his veto power, a vicious scheme of financial legislation favored by a majority of his party in both Houses of Congress. That the performance of such a duty must be very disagreeable to a party man—for such Mr. CLEVELAND is—nobody will question. No fair-minded person will therefore find fault with the President for performing it in a manner most forbearing to the feelings of his fellow-Democrats. Even if his mind as to the viciousness of the seigniorage bill was fully made up before it was passed, he certainly did well in listening to all the arguments presented to him in favor of it so long as the law permitted him to hold his action in suspense. While the reasons he finally gave for his veto may be ever so unpalatable to the friends of the measure, yet not one of them can say that the President has acted without giving him the fairest possible hearing and consideration. Thus he made every concession to his party which as a patriotic and conscientious public servant he was authorized to make. That in presenting his reasons for the veto he showed how dangerous the financial notions entertained by the Democratic majority in Congress are to the material as well as the moral interests of the American people, and how little that majority deserves the public confidence, is its fault, not his. And if the Democrats in Congress should commit the egregious folly of trying to punish him by passing a free-coinage measure, or by defeating the tariff bill, they would only identify him personally still more with the best interests of the country, and render their own chance of regaining the public confidence still more hopeless.

Mr. CLEVELAND'S relations to his party are, as their divergence on this question has again shown, very peculiar, and he would do well to look them straight in the face. To form a correct judgment of the situation he will have to recognize three striking facts: 1. That he owed his nomination and election to the Presidency to a moral uprising among the Democratic masses against the selfish machine management of the party, which was animated by no principle, and no higher aim than spoil. 2. That most of the managers and active politicians of the Democratic party were opposed to his nomination, have since his election constantly resented his elevation over them, and are trying, openly or clandestinely, to hinder his success. 3. That these politicians are substantially still in control of the party organization, and have by their conduct in Congress and in other places of power brought the Democratic party into such disrepute that, if a general election were to take place to-morrow, it would be swept out of power as by a whirlwind.

The position of the official head of such a party is, of course, beset with extraordinary difficulties. In this position Mr. CLEVELAND, during his first administration, rendered his party an inestimable service by giving it a definite policy corresponding with the requirements of the times. But at the same time he acted upon the idea that it was his business to hold his party together *as it was.* He sought to accomplish this, while endeavoring to remain identified with its best elements, by making concessions to its bad elements in order to satisfy them too, and to keep them in place. This policy, which he continued after his second accession to power, was a mistake. It could not succeed, and has seriously weakened his leadership. A public man in a leading position, who wishes to maintain his power for the accomplishment of his public objects, must always keep clearly in mind what the real source of his strength is. The source of Mr. CLEVELAND'S strength was not in the friendship or favor of the practical politicians of his party, but in that public opinion which distinguished him from the practical politicians of his party, crediting him with principles and a strength of character that could be depended upon to inspire, and to enable him to resist, the designs, the allurements, the pressure, and the machinations of the baser element. This public opinion favored him distinctly "for the enemies he had made." To this public opinion he owed his elevation to the Presidency both times. The last time it carried his nomination even over the adverse vote of the regular delegation from his own State. The power of this public opinion did not make the practical politicians of his party love him, but it made them afraid of him. So long as he enjoyed the undiminished confidence and favor of this public opinion, he could wield it over the repugnant elements in his party as a curbing and constraining force.

But whenever Mr. CLEVELAND attempted to conciliate the baser element, and to gain its favor by dealing out patronage or otherwise, he not only did not gain any new strength, but he seriously impaired that which he possessed. He could not make the spoils politicians his friends by giving them a little. They would remain his open or secret enemies so long as he refused them anything. To satisfy them he had to give them all they might ask for. And he could not give them all without morally bankrupting himself. If he had given them nothing they ought not to have had, their hostility to him would have been no more insidious than it is after he has given them something and refuses to give them more. But had he made no concession to them inconsistent with his highest aims, their hostility, however bitter, would have been less dangerous. For by making such concessions he weakened himself with that public opinion which formed the essence of his real strength; and as his hold upon that public opinion became weaker, the spoils politicians did not hate him less, but they respected him less, for they grew less afraid of his power. Thus he lost strength on both sides, and his leadership seriously suffered.

While this mistaken policy must be deplored, it can be explained consistently with the belief that Mr. CLEVELAND has at heart remained true to his highest purposes. When he entered upon his second administration he saw before him two things which the interests of the country imperatively demanded—the repeal of the silver-purchase act and the passage of the tariff-reform bill—and he probably thought it necessary to cultivate, in the ordinary way, pleasant relations with the politicians until those two things should be accomplished. He will now be compelled to admit that the politicians follow their own notions of their own interests; that in repealing the SHERMAN act they simply yielded to the pressure of public opinion; and that the principal service rendered by himself consisted not in any patronage manipulations, but in firmly resisting that compromise which the politicians wanted him to accept. The tariff bill, if it passes at all in a decent shape, will pass for similar reasons. Whatever attempts may have been made to propitiate members of Congress by spoils methods, the result has been only to stir up bitter jealousies among those who were not favored, to put upon the President a load of opprobrium probably much greater than he deserves, and to intensify the desire—which must be admitted to be at present a very popular one—of using the next chance for administering to the Democratic party a thorough defeat.

But Mr. CLEVELAND has again been favored by fortune, which furnished him an opportunity for showing that he can be depended upon to frustrate whatever mischievous attempts the Democratic majority may make in certain directions. His veto message has lifted up again his standing in public opinion. All reports agree that he has had to withstand a tremendous pressure in favor of the seigniorage bill. That he withstood it is much to his credit. But now, since he has experienced again that even the most terrific pressure *can* be withstood, is it not to be hoped that he will resolve with all his firmness to withstand in the same manner *all* pressure in favor of things incompatible with his highest aims? It is true there may be some revolt among the machine Democrats. There is this already. And there is at the same time, as Mr. CLEVELAND may convince himself by looking at his own State, a powerful revolt of patriotic and public-spirited Democrats against the machine. Mr. CLEVELAND will have to make up his mind to it that neither he nor anybody else can save the Democratic party as it is. It can live and prosper again only after a process of regeneration. Mr. CLEVELAND has to choose whether he will be the victim of the worst elements of the Democratic party or the leader of the best.

THE CHANCES FOR TARIFF REFORM.

IF Congress does not pass a tariff-reform bill before the close of the present session, the Democratic party may give up all hope of again controlling the government until it rids itself of its trading and jobbing leaders. The opposition to the tariff features of the bill now before the Senate would amount to nothing were it not for Democratic treachery. The open advocates of the protected interests on the Republican side of the chamber are doubtless glad that their friends and clients are treated so leniently. They have a right to rejoice and to laugh in their sleeves over the already assured disappointment of the great majorities that in 1890 and 1892 demanded a reduction of tariff taxes; for even if the bill passes in its present form, protection will not have received a blow that is immediately serious. To protectionists the real danger and importance of the measure lies in the object-lesson of the increased free list.

From the moment that the task of revision of the tariff was taken up by the Ways and Means Committee until the Senate Finance Committee made its report, the protectionists have gained one advantage after another through the aid of Democrats whose very power to legislate on the subject was bestowed upon them for the purpose of reducing tariff taxation. In the history of political chicanery there has rarely been such a barefaced betrayal of trust as that of which these Democratic politicians are guilty. They are engaged in preventing the fulfilment of their party's pledges, and are proving the truth of the accusation that nothing good or of importance is to be expected from that organization. If the Democratic party cannot reform the tariff, there is not only no reason why it should be preferred to the Republican party, but abundant reasons why it should be driven out of power and its old antagonist reinstated.

The especial weakness of the Democratic party is in the Senate. There are apparently eight Democratic Senators whose interests or inclinations induce them to oppose and obstruct any reform of the tariff. They have succeeded thus far in mangling the moderate free list of the WILSON bill, and one of them, the weakest and most pitiful of all, has agreed to betray his party for a tax of fifty-five per cent. on collars and cuffs. Senators HILL and MURPHY are accused of making a trade with Republican politicians by which they agreed to vote against any tariff bill in return for Republican votes against Mr. PECKHAM and Mr. HORNBLOWER. Mr. BRICE is interested in sugar, wool, and in the transportation of coal from West Virginia. And so it goes. The truth is that most of these eight Democratic Senators are in favor of retaining the MCKINLEY law on the statute-books. They are merely pretending when they assert that they want any reform of the tariff law. What they really want is that duties shall remain as they are. There is no Republican Senator more thoroughly protectionist than five of these Senators, who intend to do all in their power to defeat any tariff bill. These eight Senators are HILL, GORMAN, BRICE, SMITH, WHITE of California, MURPHY, MCPHERSON, and GIBSON. The last two should be added, but with a qualification. Mr. MCPHERSON is willing to do all in his power to increase tariff taxes in the committee-room, but he has made too many speeches in favor of tariff reform on the stump and in the Senate-Chamber to permit him to vote against such a half-way measure as that which has been presented to the Senate. Mr. GIBSON is naturally and rightly assumed to be under the control of his leader, Mr. GORMAN, but he has no personal interests that would induce him to fly in the face of his party's pledges. The two Louisiana Senators are omitted from this list because they are protectionists only so far as sugar is concerned, and are supposed to be satisfied with that schedule as it is now arranged. GORMAN, BRICE, SMITH, WHITE, and MURPHY are protectionists because of their own or their constituents' pecuniary interests. HILL is against the bill for politics.

There are 44 Democratic Senators, 38 Republicans, and three Populists. There are three vacancies. Two of the Populists, ALLEN and KYLE, will vote for the bill. PEFFER is doubtful. Until he joined the third-party movement he was a Republican and a protectionist. Assuming that he remains a protectionist, the division on party lines would be 46 for the bill and 39 against. If the eight Democrats named vote with the other protectionists, the vote will stand, 38 for the bill and 47 against. If HILL and the five Democrats who are protectionists on principle or from interest vote against the bill, the vote will stand, 40 for the bill and 45 against. The Democrats, including ALLEN and KYLE, can lose only three votes and carry the bill.

What are the chances? The chances are that the party will succeed in forcing its protectionist minority into line. It will certainly do this if its press and its honest men in Congress deal with the traders as they deserve. If every knavish effort that is made by them to defeat the bill by delay or tricky amendment is exposed, and the responsibility definitely fixed, every one of these Senators, with the possible exception of HILL, will vote for the bill. The most dangerous amendment that is likely to be offered will provide that sugar shall be on the free list. Every Democratic Senator who votes for this amendment, which will probably be offered by a Republican, will do so for the purpose of securing the negative votes of the two Louisiana Senators, and of Mr. ALLEN, who represents a beet-sugar State, on the final passage of the bill. In company with these the five protection Democrats would feel more comfortable and more courageous.

The sugar amendment disposed of, Mr. GORMAN will not dare oppose his personal interests to the vigorously expressed demands of his party. He has political ambitions which possibly cannot be gratified at all, but which certainly have no chance of fruition without the support of the South, and the South remains true to the cause of tariff reform. Moreover, the Maryland Legislature has not passed the resolutions pending before it eulogizing Mr. GORMAN for his stand in behalf of protection. GIBSON will follow him. SMITH and MURPHY are regular party men,

and when GORMAN deserts the protection side they too will follow. BRICE will not remain to wage a losing fight on his own party. MCPHERSON'S attitude has already been explained. He will vote for any bill that is finally presented. WHITE, of California, has obtained all that he can from the committee, and will doubtless argue that if he votes for the bill, after looking after fruit, wine, and sugar, he will gratify both parties in his State. This leaves Mr. HILL alone. Will he be the solitary Democrat to vote against the bill, especially in the face of the charge that his vote is cast in consequence of a bargain by which he secured Republican votes against the confirmation of Mr. PECKHAM and Mr. HORNBLOWER? Whether he does or not, the bill is likely to pass; but even if it does pass, the Democratic party will have accomplished its puny effort for reform with such toil, against such treachery in its own ranks, with such a pitiful display of inherent weakness, as to make it an object of contempt and suspicion on the part of those who for many years have wished it well and expected much from it.

A NATIONAL HEALTH BUREAU.

IN these days, when one discovery treads close upon the heels of another, it is often difficult to say, in the glamour of the moment and without time's perspective, which of the new revelations are of real significance, and which are of immediate promise for the welfare of mankind. The way in which the discovery of new facts in science is to become of practical value is almost never clear at the beginning, and definite predictions are usually unfulfilled.

When, a few years ago, it was learned that certain tiny plants called bacteria were the causes of some of the most fatal human diseases, and as one by one the particular germs which cause tuberculosis, cholera, diphtheria, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc., were identified and studied, hope quickly kindled into the expectation that before long physicians would be in possession of the secret of cure of these and allied scourges. But as the years, full of arduous research, have one by one passed on without the consummation so ardently longed for, expectation has faded back into hope again, and we now see that the secret was not to be so easily won, and that still we must labor on, and build up stone by stone the structure from whose summit by-and-by we are to see over into the promised land.

But while we have been vainly straining our eyes for glimpses of a fruitage which ripens slowly, and only under prolonged and skilful culture, there has come into our hands, almost unsought and scarcely yet regarded, a greater boon than ever the most rapt devotee to medical science and the welfare of humanity has dared to dream of. This is the knowledge that in the most homely and common-sense and simple ways nearly all of the most dread and fatal human maladies may be largely prevented. This sounds like extravagance, but it is the truth.

Such germ diseases as are named above and many others are transmitted and perpetuated by the conveyance, sometimes through the air, sometimes by food and drink, less frequently by personal contact, of the germs given off in one way or another from the bodies of the sick to the bodies of the well. Now, in a large proportion of cases, such a conveyance of the uncanny germs from the sick to the well is directly and solely due to the infringement of well-established and simple laws of hygiene and sanitation. If waste materials from the sick are properly cared for, if drinking water be not polluted and food be not contaminated, if proper health regulations be formulated and intelligently carried out, not in the household and hospital alone, but by the municipal and State authorities, so that communicable diseases are not liable to be communicated, thousands of lives can be spared each year in every populous State in this land, and an amount of suffering and pecuniary loss be prevented which words and figures are inadequate to represent.

But the most efficient measures for this prevention of disease are existent in only a few of our States to-day; the public is largely ignorant of their importance; self-seeking officials juggle in the interests of their pockets with the lives of those whom they are appointed and often salaried to protect, and still many undetermined elements of danger and means of its avoidance remain to be established by research. We still go on paying for our lack of system and our inefficiency in sanitary matters by large and continued loss of life. So it is still necessary to maintain at the gateways of our land, through which each year are poured the filthy and ignorant hordes of foreign folk, among whom bacterial disease is liable to perpetuate itself, and from whom it is apt to spread, the old crude safeguards of a stringent maritime quarantine. This is deplorable, but it is necessary.

Now there is a determined movement under way in this country to make use at last, for the benefit of our citizens, of the new light which science has thrown upon the prevention of disease, and while maintaining for the present an efficient quarantine system, to see if we cannot do what other civilized countries have long since done, to their manifest advantage, namely, establish a great central Health Bureau, which shall aid the States in their several tasks to keep the people well; devise new methods for the prevention of disease; stimulate and inform the public in the maintenance of a more intelligent cleanliness—a scientific cleanliness which concerns itself with kinds of dirt which not only annoy men, but can kill them, too.

A number of medical men and expert sanitarians have secured the counsel and support of physicians of high standing all over the United States, and have framed a bill for the establishment of a Bureau of Public Health at Washington, in the Department of the Interior. At the head of this bureau is to be a Commissioner of Public Health, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Though he is, by the terms of the bill, to be an expert sanitarian, and though the importance of his functions would seem to insure the selection of an eminent and capable man, it is evident that the responsibility of such an office, dealing as it does with the health and life of millions of human beings, should be shared by a council of expert physicians. So this bill provides for the establishment of an Advisory Council, consisting of one physician from each State in the Union, whose representative character and eminence will be as fully as possible secured by his appointment by the Governor of his State.

Of course, in a form of government like ours, the executive powers of such a national bureau are strictly limited by the constitutional independence of the States. The States may delegate their power to the national government to such an extent as they choose in the matter of the maintenance of the public health, and already the so-called HARRIS bill contains the nucleus for a national quarantine system. The provisions of the HARRIS bill for the maintenance of a maritime quarantine are embodied without essential change in this bill, so that the protection against cholera and other quarantinable diseases, which the Marine Hospital service has so ably exerted in the past year, is secured.

But beyond this the bill provides for the more far-reaching and permanent accomplishment which we have set forth above, namely, the assistance of local health organizations, the gathering and publication of the statistics of disease, and the education of the people in matters of public health. It establishes a sort of Weather Bureau of disease, and by weekly bulletins is to show to all whom it may concern where the storm centres of communicable disease are, so that proper measures may everywhere be taken for its avoidance and control. It secures international co-operation in the protection of health. Beyond all this, this Health Bureau is to foster research in lines which promise helpfulness in this large endeavor to suppress preventable disease.

The bill is clear in its purposes; its aims are high, and for the good of all; its provisions are such as do not interfere with the cherished rights of the States. This general movement and the details of the bill receive the cordial support of the medical profession of the country. It seems as if at last here were a legislative measure which holds out no bait for private or sectional greed, over which it is not meet to wrangle, but which might be enacted by Congress in a lingering remnant of the old-time spirit which was capable of considering in legislative deliberations the best interest of the people of the United States, and not the petty profit of a local clique or the triumph of an empty party name.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLITICIANS.

THE veto of the new charter of Oswego by Governor FLOWER, after it had passed the Legislature, deserves more than a passing notice. The people of Oswego, in common with the people of most American municipalities, are deeply dissatisfied with their local government. In the hope of improving it, they determined to try a device suggested by one of themselves, Dr. CLARK, and elaborated in a work published many years ago. His plan, as carried into detail in the new charter, provides that primary assemblies of the voters, chosen by lot, shall choose their political representatives, and that these representatives shall choose the local municipal officers. This plan, favored by the citizens of Oswego, failed in the last Legislature—although it passed the Assembly—through the efforts of Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN, who frankly put his opposition on the ground that the sanction of the plan would be injurious to the class of politicians which is his own class. The Governor is less frank than the Lieutenant-Governor. It has been shown that the people of Oswego were in favor of trying the experiment whether they could not deliver themselves from the politicians, while the politicians objected to it because they did not want the people to be delivered from them. The Republican Legislature has determined to let the people of a Democratic town have their way. It is the Democratic Governor who refuses them the opportunity to make an experiment in municipal government, solely at their own risk and expense—an experiment which, if it should succeed, would inure to the benefit of every American city.

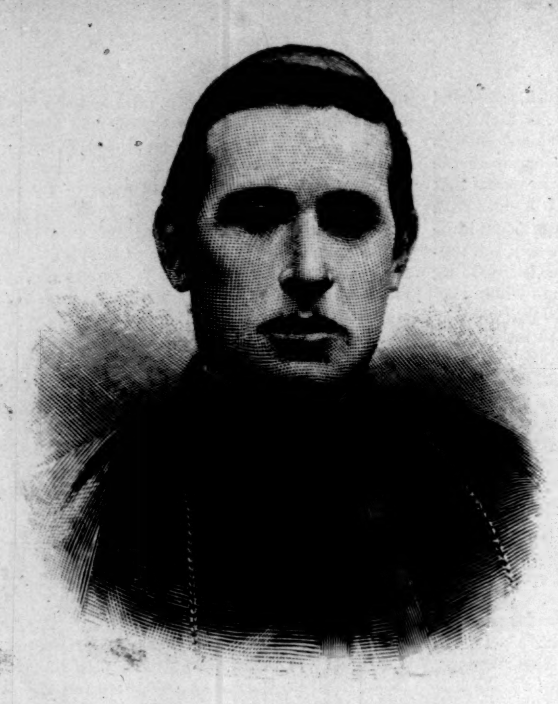
The Governor thinks that the experiment would betoken a want of faith in the people. If that were true, the people would be showing a want of faith in themselves, and they are the best judges. But, as a matter of fact, it is not true. Dr. CLARK'S plan proceeds upon the assumption that the people may be trusted within the sphere of their intelligence, that they may be trusted to choose their political representatives, provided their choice is free, but that they cannot assert themselves against the power of political organization unless they can manage to neutralize it, which is the purpose of the proposed system. Men who have something else to do cannot play the game of politics as well as the men who make their living by the game and devote their whole time to it. Accordingly, in ordinary times and ordinary cases, the offices are filled by the choice of the politicians, and not by the choice of the people. Everybody knows that that is the fact. Is not DAVID B. HILL one of the Senators from New York? Is not EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., the other? Is not ROSWELL P. FLOWER the Governor of New York? Go to!

All these new-fangled schemes for municipal reform, says the Governor, "practically involve the assumption that local government is a failure." Well, who disputes that assumption? Who doubts that American cities are worse served by their municipal governments than European cities, in whatever manner local government in Europe is carried on, whether by appointment from the central power or by popular election? Is it not true that we pay more for what we get, and get less for what we pay? What is the trouble? Governor FLOWER, repelling the new-fangled remedy, resorts to the oldest-fangled known. He actually has the courage to announce once more that good men must go to the primaries. That is to say, the good men, in order to beat the politicians, must become politicians themselves, and devote their days and nights to the business of the politicians, instead of to their own proper and respective business. He says that the CLARK charter "proposes to substitute aristocracy for democracy, to substitute government by an oligarchy for government by the people." He assumes that the present government of Oswego is a government by the people, which the people concerned deny, and only the politicians concerned affirm. The people say that they are now governed by an oligarchy. They do not call it an aristocracy, and if it be not in fact a kakistocracy, then Oswego differs from many other American towns. The struggle over the Oswego charter has been a struggle between the people and the politicians. It has been decided by the Governor against the people and in favor of the politicians. That is the plain and glaring fact, and it cannot be concealed by talk about the Jeffersonian theory of government and the duty of good men to attend the primaries and beat the politicians at their own game.

REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION.

THE meeting that was held at the Cooper Union last Wednesday in furtherance of the plan of "the better element" for reorganizing the Republican party in New York was a very striking demonstration. The speeches were impressive not more by their vigor than by their evident sincerity. It is a good sign when busy lawyers like Mr. CHOATE and Mr. ROOT give so much personal effort to the purification of their party. But the platform did not present a more impressive or interesting spectacle than the audience, which had evidently assembled with an honest, and earnest purpose. Upon the whole, the meeting left little doubt that the revolt against the Republican machine had the sympathy of the great majority of Republican voters. It was a very timely demonstration. The scandal of "deals" between Tammany Hall and the Republican machine has not of late years been so flagrant as it formerly was, for the simple reason that Tammany Hall has had no occasion to enter into the deals. With a Tammany Legislature and a Tammany Governor the Republican machinists could not offer any equivalent for the division of patronage they demanded. It was not necessary for Tammany to divide when Tammany had everything its own way. The Republican majority in the Legislature is the direct result of the contempt of public opinion produced by this undisputed control. Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. The people had submitted to so much from the Democratic machine that the machinists thought they would submit to everything, even to the nomination of Judge MAYNARD to the Court of Appeals. MAYNARD dragged down the Democratic majority of the Legislature with him, and the Republican boss found himself confronted with a victory which he had done nothing to win and did not expect to win, but the spoils of which he took prompt measures for appropriating. No sooner was the Republican Legislature assembled than the air grew thick again with the rumors of bargains between Tammany and the Republicans, and of investigations intended to enforce the consent of Tammany to the bargains.

It is at this juncture that the Republicans of New York enter a protest, so extensive that it cannot be disregarded, against a relapse into the dismal old system, proclaim that dealings with Tammany shall cease, and propose a reorganization of their party that shall put it in possession of itself and release it from the control of the bosses, big and little. In the minds of its projectors, the new scheme of organization may have been intended merely as an organization of the party as an agency in State and national politics. Indeed, part of the plan is that a voter may vote for whichever ticket or whatever candidates he prefers in municipal elections, without thereby compromising his standing as a Republican. This is an excellent precaution, which will be made still more effective if the coming Constitutional Convention shall effect the separation of municipal from general elections, which many of its most eminent members favor, and upon the desirableness of which all municipal reformers are agreed. In the mean time it is quite inevitable that the reorganization shall be considered mainly in its bearing upon local politics. Most of the speeches at the meeting dealing with municipal issues; and not the Democratic party in general, but Tammany Hall in particular figured in them as the political Helot that needed only to be exhibited in order to be abhorred. As an agency for municipal reform, any Republican party organization must be too small to attain results. The majority of voters in New York being confessedly Democrats, a movement against Tammany Hall must enlist a large number of Democrats in order to be successful. Republican municipal candidates, as such, can have no chance of election except in extraordinary circumstances. There must be an alliance between the Republicans and the minority of Democrats if Tammany is to be overthrown, and such an alliance must be in the nature of a "deal" if the motive of the alliance be anything else than a common desire for the better government of the city. While any possible organization of the Republican party cannot of itself effect this purpose, a really representative organization, by the very power of organization, can do very much towards it. The purely municipal organization of the City Club and its affiliated clubs offer a rallying-point for Democratic discontent. In any case, if the Republicans of the city can succeed in devising and maintaining an organization that really represents the voters of the party, who have been so very imperfectly represented by the existing machine, they will be doing a service not merely to the Republican voters, but to good citizens of both parties; for they will be serving the cause of honest politics.



CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

THE LATE GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

MOUNET-SULLY.

SINCE Mounet-Sully determined to cross the Atlantic, and the newspapers of this country began to tell their readers about his long career as principal actor in tragedy and romance in the foremost theatre of the modern world, much stress has been laid in the newspapers, and consequently in the public mind, upon his portrayal of Hamlet. This is natural, but it is unfair to the famous French actor either to expect that his idea of Shakespeare's prince shall conform with our own ideas, whether these are founded directly upon our knowledge of Shakespeare (which, as Shakespeare is universal, and has a separate message for every reader, may not be better, after all, than French ideas), or upon our glowing memories of the profoundly beautiful Hamlet of Edwin Booth, or to neglect his performances in the tragic and romantic plays of the regular French repertory, for the sake of grounding our estimate of his talent wholly upon his acting in the French translation of *Hamlet* made by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice. If we wish to derive a fair idea, as unprejudiced as our environment will permit, of the art of this Frenchman, we must sit patiently through all the representations he will give in America, either at Abbey's Theatre in New York, or in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, accustoming ourselves once more to the conventions of the French poetic drama, which are all so strange to us, and using our imagination a little to make up for the inevitable deficiencies in his surroundings—for he has not brought the Comédie Française with him. There are six plays besides *Hamlet*, namely, *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas*, by Victor Hugo; *Le Cid*, by Corneille; *Œdipe Roi*, from Sophocles, by Jules Lacroix, with music by Edmond Membrée; the *Antigone* of Sophocles, rendered into French by Meurice and Vacquerie, with music by Saint-Saëns; and *Andromaque*, by Racine; and surely the Hernani, Ruy Blas, Roderigue, Œdipe, Creon, and Oreste of Mounet-Sully must in fairness be put in the balance with his Hamlet when we come to weigh by our own standard, and solely for our own satisfaction, the worth of the actor.

One thing we know certainly in favor of his Hamlet. It has greatly increased the popular understanding of Shakespeare in France. His portrayal is accepted with acclaim by the two foremost dramatic critics of Paris, Sarcey and Lemaître, men far apart in habits of thought, and alike only in the important fact that they are both Parisians. Lemaître, indeed, is a man who qualifies all praise—and his praise of Mounet-Sully is loudly sung—by clear, minute analysis. He understands the objections English-speaking folks may have to this Hamlet, which suggests to him the "study" of the Dane in *Wilhelm Meister*—"incomplete but clear." From Mounet-Sully himself, in his newspaper "interviews," the idea is obtained that his Hamlet is not at all complex. He regards Hamlet as the type of "the son." His love for his father is his dominant trait. He is never mad for a moment. This idea will certainly not be generally accepted here, however much we may admire the execution of the conception. We have not been accustomed to regard Hamlet as a man of one dominating trait, or as a restricted "type."

Mounet-Sully is not a young man. He was born February 27, 1841, in the Dordogne, and his family are of Navarrean and Huguenot origin. The family name is Mounet, and he was christened Sully after the famous minister of Henry IV. He did not begin his studies at the Paris Conservatoire till he was twenty-one, because of the opposition of his parents to a theatrical career, and he took the first prize for tragedy in 1868. He first appeared at the Odéon, but he left the stage when the war with Germany began, and served until France was at peace again as an officer of the garde mobile. When at length he returned to the stage his progress was rapid, and early in the eighties he appeared on the stage of the Théâtre Français as Oreste in *Andromaque*.

He now has a short leave of absence from his post at the head of the French theatre, and, after a tour of the European continent, he arrived in New York March 19th, and began his engagement at Abbey's Theatre March 26th. The play was *Hernani*, well known here, but chiefly associated with the matchless acting of Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of Doña Sol. The thrill that Bernhardt's acting put in the play was lacking, and the features of the hero did not satisfy any romantic ideal cherished on this side of the Atlantic. The "beardless" boy of twenty years wore a well-grown beard. His face was not tinged with the glow of youth. His deeply set uncertain eyes gave a sinister cast to his countenance. But his figure was youthful, and his motions were grace itself. His voice was rich, melodious, of wide compass, and used with exquisite skill. Mounet-Sully's King Œdipus, however, will make a stronger impression here than his Hernani, perhaps because the Sophocles of the Athens of 400 B.C. is nearer to us than the Hugo of 1830. We can understand the sentiment of *Hernani*, but in rational moments we can scarcely sympathize with it, and Mounet-Sully does not make us forget the folly of the oath and sacrifice for a moment, as Bernhardt did. As Œdipus his wonderful plastic grace, the infinite variety of his poses and gestures, his splendid eloquence, and his tragic force are well illustrated. The setting of the play is not remarkably fine, and it does not conform with our ideas of Greek tragedy. It is, in fact, neither Greek nor modern. A temple faces a palace, and at the back there is a stretch of open country, groves, and fields, upon which is reflected the changing lights of the last day of the reign of Œdipus, from dawn to night. The chorus is largely composed of women. The instrumental music is unobtrusive and satisfying. The Œdipus is a majestic figure. Those persons who were not touched by the actor in romance fell easily under his spell in tragedy. In his declamation of the rhyming hexameters into which Lacroix has rendered the Greek verse he now thundered with wrath, and now moved the audience to pity. In *The Cid*, that revered classic of the French stage, he was not nearly so interesting to crude Westerners, though the beauty of his elocution in the long passage describing his conquest of the Moors could not fail to be appreciated. The charge of frequent over-emphasis in his speech brought against Mounet-Sully in London last summer has not been sustained by those who have seen the performances he has thus far given in New York.

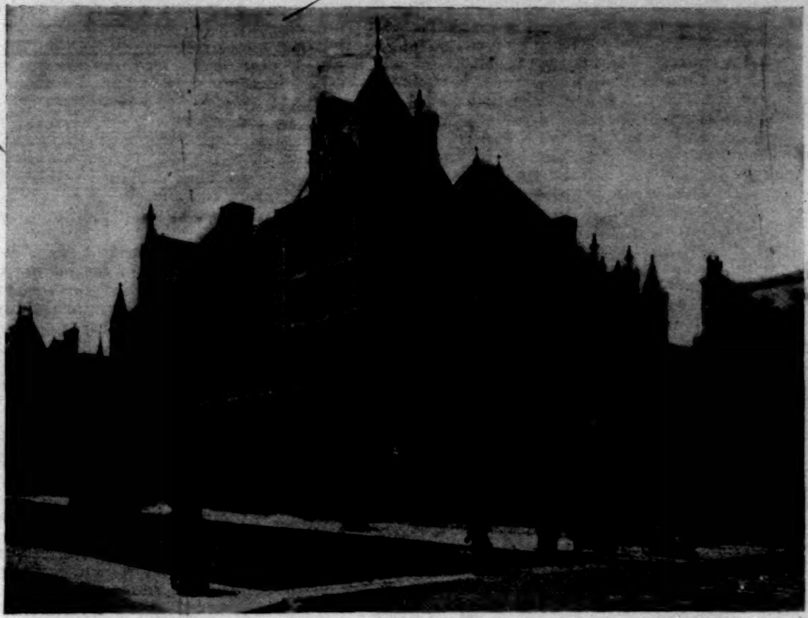
EDWARD A. DITHMAR.

MOUNET-SULLY AS HAMLET.—DRAWN BY G. DUEZ.

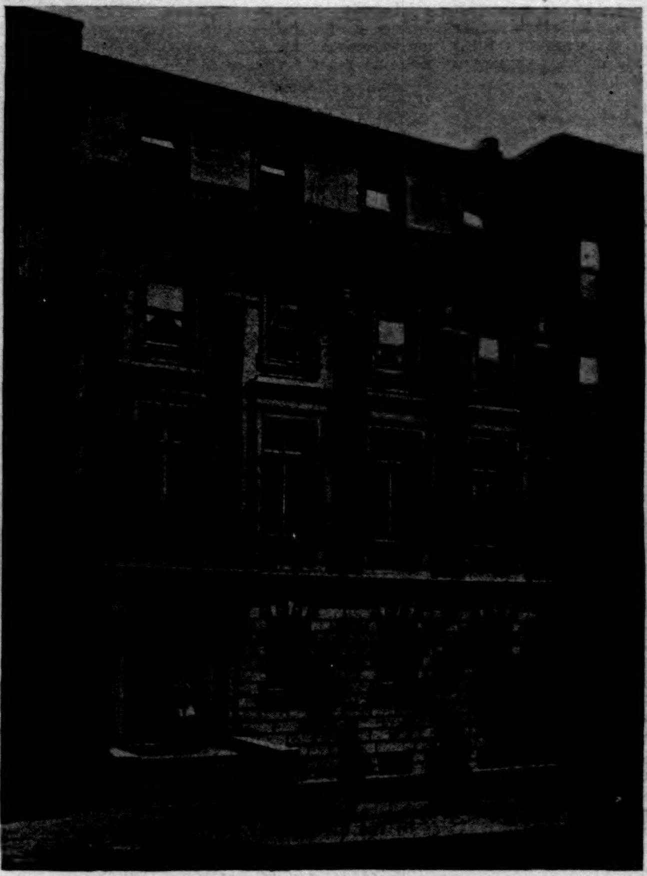
SOME NEW NEW YORK PALACES.

On this page are presented some examples of the newest of the palatial dwellings of New York. In point of "palatiality" the newly extended and reconstructed house of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt easily leads the list. In truth, we have never had in this country an example, in a town house, of architecture so evidently palatial as opposed to domestic. All over Europe, in town houses as well as in country-seats, there are dwellings that are evidently less dwellings than they are scenes of social functions—dwellings the greater part of which the inhabiting family could not make use of, and is not meant to be used, consisting, as this greater part does, of the "state apartments." No official residence in the United States, not even the White House itself, gives the spectator so much the sense of having been designed for the exercise of a ceremonious hospitality. In truth, most passers from abroad would probably take the expanded dwelling for an "institution" of some kind, preferably a museum, rather than for the private residence even of a very well-to-do citizen. The devotion of a whole block front "on the Avenue" to a building would promote this impression. So would the stately porte cochère at the north end. So would the architecture, which is thus not altogether fortunate, unless the impression actually conveyed was the impression sought to be conveyed, and this is not very likely. For the architecture indicates that there are three several though related edifices in the group, which in fact constitutes a single mansion. It was, perhaps, rather a misfortune, speaking architecturally, when so extensive a scheme of rebuilding and extension was proposed, that the original dwelling at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street should not have been sacrificed to the new scheme. It was a reasonably consistent and a reasonably impressive mansion, that had a distinct unity of its own—a unity distinct enough to make it very hard to make additions to it that would preserve this sense. Perhaps it might have been preserved had the original mansion been repeated at the north end of the site, or another terminal pavilion and a curtain wall, treated with distinct plainness and reserve, been introduced to connect the two. As a matter of fact, while the alterations in the original mansion have been improvements, they have not allied it with its new neighbors. The most important of these additions is the new and enlarged dormer-window at the centre of each front. This is in itself a very telling feature, but the traceried wheel-window that fills its gable is so Gothic a feature as to be very difficult to reconcile with the other details of the house, and much more with the uncompromising classicality of the porte cochère at the other end. The north pavilion is a square mass with a pyramidal roof, much smaller in area than the corresponding pavilion formed by the original mansion. A dominating central roof might have brought the two into alliance, but this has not been provided. The total effect is not of one building trebly divided, but of three buildings not united so much as aggregated. Moreover, the north wall is not wholly happy in design, showing, as it does, a whole upper story of blank wall, the blankness of which by no means explains itself, though it may be explained, practically if not artistically, by the hypothesis of a great two-storied room, lighted from the dormers alone. There is clever detail in the new work, however, and a sense of sumptuosity that belongs to the notion of a palace.

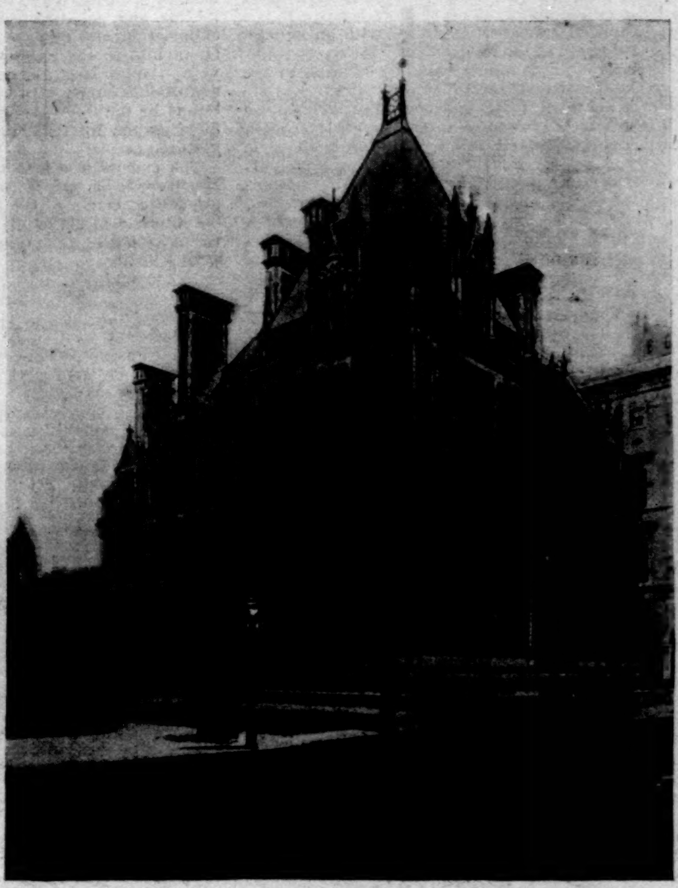
The next biggest of the houses is entirely different in expression as well as in detail. This is the mansion at the corner of Sixty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, just erected for Mr. John Jacob Astor. There is in this no lack of unity, no suggestion that it is an edifice of shreds and patches. That it has been designed and built at once, and that it forms a whole, are very evident facts. It descends from the French Renaissance proper, the Renaissance of Francis I., in which its author has so signally succeeded in many works of domestic architecture, to the less interesting phase



RESIDENCE OF MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH STREET.
George B. Post, Architect.



RESIDENCE OF DR. HERTERS, MADISON AVENUE AND 69TH STREET.
Carrère and Hastings, Architects.



RESIDENCE OF MR. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, FIFTH AVENUE AND 61ST STREET.
R. M. Hunt, Architect.

RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, FIFTH AVENUE AND 65TH STREET.
R. M. Hunt, Architect.

that is known by the name of Henry II., in which composition as well as detail had become more or less Italianized, though French architecture had not yet become academic, and in which a certain un-French uncouthness is visible in the handling of the imported forms. For that reason it is difficult to admire much of the detail, especially in the dormers, in which the detail is most conspicuous. On the other hand, the style offers evident advantages in its strong horizontal members for keeping a building down, and these have been made serviceable here to the utmost. An architect may reasonably desire, in the days when the elevator seems to have determined architectural lines, to make as little as may be of his altitude, and as much of his latitude and his longitude. This has been done here. The Fifth Avenue front is of the more than respectable length, as our domestic architecture goes, of 125 feet, but by the emphasis given to the horizontal lines it is made to seem almost half as long again, while the height, in fact considerable, is effectively minimized. The general aspect of the mansion is highly substantial and responsible—more so, perhaps, than artistic. The cleverest piece of composition that it shows is not in the front, but in the still longer flank upon the street, where the centre, strongly framed between two corbelled turrets, with its triple arcade below and its triple dormers above, forms a very effective and picturesque feature.

As an example of architectural art it will scarcely be disputed that the house in the earlier and truly French Renaissance at the corner of "the Avenue" and Sixty-first Street is the most successful of the mansions illustrated. The nucleus of the composition is the square towerlike mass with its steep roof at the corner, to which all the subordinate parts converge and pyramidize. The strength and starkness of this tower are furthered by the arrangement and treatment of its openings, by the simplicity and power of the crowning roof, and by the encircled dormer-windows, that give a touch of grace and lightness precisely where it is needed. The decorated loggia of the Avenue front, with its corbelled balcony and the doubled window beneath it, is a most happily treated and artistic feature, with an equally successful counterpart in the rich centre of the street front, and the whole dwelling is a most valuable addition to the lengthening list of artistic domestic architecture.

That there is not much to be said about the architecture of No. 819 Madison Avenue implies that there is not much to be said against it. Nobody will dispute that it is a most eligible family mansion. Moreover, the front, of which architecturally it consists, is carefully and agreeably proportioned into a massive basement, a central part of two stories, of which the relations are harmonious, and of an attic, which in height is a fitting terminal member, though in other respects it raises some rather puzzling questions, the more because they are the same questions raised by other houses. One is, upon what the recessed attic wall stands, that cannot possibly stand upon another wall, and that may actually and practically, but cannot architecturally, stand upon a cunningly hidden girder. Another is, why the crowning story, that one expects to see the lightest and richest member of the composition, should in fact be the plainest and baldest. A building ought to slake the thirst for architectural information which it excites. This attic does not do that, but the building to which it belongs, or even does not quite belong, is nevertheless a gentlemanlike and decorous performance.

SPEAKER CRISP'S LIEUTENANT.

General Thomas Clendinen Catchings, Speaker Crisp's lieutenant on the floor of the House of Representatives, was born in Hinds County, Mississippi, on January 11, 1847. He represents the Vicksburg district in Congress. He was educated at the University of Mississippi and at Oakland College. Before completing his collegiate course he entered the Confederate army.

After the war he studied law, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Vicksburg. Of rare legal acumen, he quickly won a foremost place at the bar. His first legislative experience was in the Mississippi Legislature. He served four years in the State Senate, and was then elected Attorney-General. Renominated by acclamation, he held the office eight years, resigning it to accept a seat in the Forty-ninth Congress. He is now serving his fifth term in the House of Representatives.

Speaker Carlisle, recognizing his talent, placed him upon the important Committee on Rivers and Harbors. It was a place for which he was peculiarly adapted. He devoted himself to the improvement of the Mississippi River, and to his efforts the magnificent system of levees lining the banks of this great stream is mainly due. His first and only speech in the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress was made in behalf of liberal appropriations for the strengthening of the levees and the deepening and straightening of the channels of the river. It was in reply to an arraignment of his committee by Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa. It was manly, and to the point, and had great weight in the House. In the second session General Catchings also claimed the attention of the House but once. He advocated further appropriations for the improvement of the great commercial artery of the country, and readily secured them. To-day he stands second on the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and will undoubtedly succeed Newton C. Blanchard as its chairman if Mr. Blanchard is sent to the Senate from Louisiana.

While active and untiring in his work in committee, General Catchings did not attain real prominence in the House until after the election of Charles F. Crisp as Speaker. Indeed, Mr. Crisp owed his elevation to the efforts of General Catchings. The general led his forces in the fight with signal ability. He was early on the ground, marshalling Crisp's supporters. Keen of perception, careful in calculation, magnetic in manner, cool, watchful, and wary, he nursed the strength of the Georgian, North and South, and developed the surprises that clinched the victory. Night and day he was to be found at Crisp's headquarters, gathering in the material that was found so serviceable when the columns of Hatch, Springer, and McMillin were shattered.

Nor was the new Speaker ungrateful. He recognized in full the value of General Catchings' services. He made him the leading member of the Committee on Rules. It is the rudder of the House. This committee was composed of three Democrats and two Republicans. Old members were surprised at the promotion of General Catchings, but he amply justified the confidence of the Speaker. After the progressive steps taken by Speaker Reed in the Fifty-first Congress, new rules were to be formulated. Mr. Reed had developed clôture, and by the device of counting a quorum had stopped all silent filibustering. The Democracy did not regard these innovations favorably. It clung to Congressional precedent and conservatism. Recognizing not only the utility but the necessity for clôture, General Catchings was foremost in engrafting it upon the new rules. They gave the Committee on Rules the power to apply it whenever it became necessary to do business.

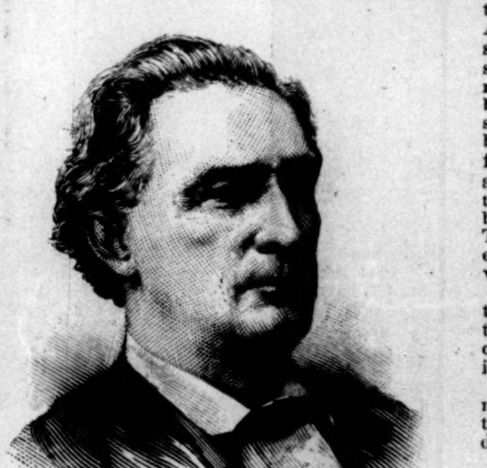
The proposal led to a bitter fight in the Democratic caucus. General Catchings defended the report of the committee with vigor and ability, but he would probably have been driven to the wall if the Speaker himself had not come to the rescue. The caucus gave an unwilling consent to the proposal, with the understanding that clôture was never to be applied except at the request of a majority of the Democratic members.

Even this was an advanced step for the Democracy to take. At the beginning of the present Congress, however, it was induced to make a still further advance. It gave the Committee on Rules the power of clôture without qualification. A strong minority of the caucus favored the prompt adoption of the Reed rules, including the counting of a quorum by the Speaker. The latter proposition was strenuously opposed by the Mississippian. He had secured the power of clôture, and was not disposed to venture farther upon the Reed preserve. Under the new rules the House is practically under the control of a triumvirate—Crisp, Catchings, and Outhwaite, the three Democratic members of the Committee on Rules. They determine the will of the majority by reporting special orders for the transaction of business, and General Catchings has charge of these special orders on the floor. A thorough parliamentarian, he has the new rules at his fingers' ends, and thus fortified is able to cope with the best of the Republican leaders.

General Catchings is of the average stature, round-headed, broad-shouldered, full-chested, and tapering. He has blue eyes, a broad forehead, an unshaven upper lip, a clear complexion, brown hair, and a long auburn goatee. He dresses with extreme neatness. He speaks with ease and fluency. His words are well chosen, his facts clearly grouped, and his manner is dignified and impressive. There is no sawing of the air, and no attempt at eloquence. He has a perfect enunciation, and very little accentuation. Members gather about him in the aisles when he begins to speak, for his voice, though clear, is not strong. He usually begins to address the House with half of his left hand in his pocket, but as he develops his argument he plants the tips of his fingers upon his desk, rarely using his hands by way of gesture.

The general is a true tariff-reformer. He voted for the Morrison, Mills, and Wilson bills, and for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. While advocating the interests of his constituents, he has broad and national views upon all public questions, and is not backward in asserting them.

Amos J. Cummings.



SENATOR ALFRED H. COLQUITT.

Senator Colquitt, who died in Washington, March 26th, at the age of seventy, was a most interesting man. He was distinctly of a Southern type, though he was not exactly a typical Southerner. It may be doubted, indeed, if there be a complete Southern type, Nature having her way in the matter of varieties about as much there as elsewhere in our extremely varied land. But Senator, or "General" Colquitt, as his friends liked to call him, had a number of the strong qualities strongly developed which we like to associate with the South. He was an ardent lover of "his country" at a time when to him that term was bounded by 36° 30′ north latitude; he was a brave man, and fought faithfully for his ideas; he was an aristocrat in every fibre of his nature, and it is doubtful if it ever occurred to him even to question the native superiority of the Southern human product to that of any other origin; he took to politics as a duck to the water, and he was his life-long an honest, clean, and self-respecting gentleman.

His career was relatively successful, though always a little short of complete success. A lawyer at twenty-one, having graduated at Princeton when he was twenty, he became an aide-de-camp to General Taylor, and served with credit in the Mexican war. Returning from that brief contest, so fruitful in education for the officers of the United States, he entered immediately on the blended occupations of law and politics. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but did not seek re-election at the close of his term on account of a sore domestic affliction. He was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1859, and a Democratic elector on the Breckinridge and Lane ticket in 1860. When Mr. Lincoln's election was made the occasion of secession, Colquitt "went with his State," was a member of the secession convention, and immediately joined the Confederate army as captain in the Sixth Georgia Regiment. He rose rapidly in rank, and was made a Brigadier-General in September, 1862. He fought in the army of Northern Virginia, in Hill's Division, and won distinction at Antietam and Sharpsburg. Then he served for a time in Florida, and returned for the final struggle around Petersburg, pending which he was made a Major-General, but before his commission reached him there was no army to command.

Returning to his home in Georgia, he entered very heartily into the cause of temperance. He was an ardent prohibitionist, but not a political one. He was Governor of Georgia from 1876 to 1882, and Senator from that State from 1883 to the time of his death.

Senator Colquitt took life very seriously. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and very active in its work, and, as has been said, in the temperance cause. But in national politics he lacked decision and firmness. Of unusual intelligence himself, and of stainless character, he lent his aid, through a certain timidity of mind, to the less sensible and less worthy element in his party, and was in his later years especially opposed to the courageous and progressive policy represented by Mr. Cleveland. But he was generally esteemed and beloved for his personal qualities, and both at home and in the national capital will be sincerely mourned. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and six children. He was not one of those who accumulated wealth in public life, and died leaving no estate of value.

THE STORY OF THE BONES.

An Army Tragedy.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

Where the New-Mexican Sierras look down upon a narrow trail that winds out of a grayish-green plain into the scarred and torn foot-hills that form the outer barriers of the Tulerosa range, a spur of the hills pushes forward like an earth-work to dominate the desolate valley. Crowning this spur was a tall pine-tree, a grim and solitary sentinel standing in the midst of crumbling bowlders. From the shadow of the pine the full sweep of the gray desolation of the valley filled the eye, from the base of the mountain below to the point afar off where the sage-green thirsty earth commingled with the blue haze that wrapped the cliffs and mesas in the enchantment of distance. From the vantage and shelter of pine and bowlder the straggling trail could be seen creeping indecisively round the base of the hill into the rough open pass, to stop hesitatingly at the edge of a pool in the shadow of the cliff. This pool was the temporary resting-place of a thin stream of clear cold water, which dripped from a crevice in the cliff, where it took heart to continue its journey down between the blistered rocks and thirsty sands, where it struggled feebly before it surrendered and died.

This tiny stream was the *raison d'être* of the feeble trail, the oasis in that scorched and blistered desolation that drew to the spot the feet of the men and beasts that had worn the path; for in New Mexico, as in Judea, the cup of cold water has a value inconceivable to those who dwell in lands blessed with green pastures and murmuring brooks.

From the pool, where the tracks of shy deer and prowling wolf were in evidence, a rough path led up the hill-side between the rocks to where the tall pine kept its solitary vigil. At the base of the pine, among the mouldering needles, lay a skull, white from the washing of rains and bleaching of the sun, cracked as if with a hatchet, and pierced with a hole made by a rifle-ball, through which the slanting sun sent a beam of gold to light up the ghastly interior. Beside the skull lay a pile of bones, white and discolored and partially buried in dead needles and cones. Closer scrutiny revealed fragments of faded blue cloth, a few tarnished brass buttons, and a couple of rusty iron arrow-heads. Farther apart were the bones of a man's thighs and ribs, half buried in débris, bearing the evidences of desecration by wolves and coyotes. The carpet of pine droppings stirred with the boot revealed the copper shells of rifle cartridges black almost with verdigris.

These were the mute records of an unrecorded tragedy, the relics of some untombed hero; the evidences of a crime the lonely watcher on the hill had witnessed, and for whose consummation the keen-nosed buzzards had waited, floating in the hot heavens above the Sierras.

Poor untenemented bones! Bleaching in solitude and neglect, crumbling slowly to the oblivion of dust, they were the only mementos of the brave white-faced trooper who died in the desert for duty; died and had been forgotten.

They were the monument that the dead soldier had raised to himself in mute protest against the cruelty of silence and bitterness of neglect that had buried the valor of his deed and the glory of his death in this byway of the desert.

In the hot July of 1873 half a dozen troops of cavalry were in the field, operating against Apaches, in that little-known section of New Mexico that lies between the Rio Grande and the Tulerosa. While K Troop of the Twelfth was camped at a spring in the country, about midway between the Ojo Caliente and the Tulerosa Valley, it became a military necessity to send a despatch North to Fort Wingate. Corporal Henry C. Franklin and Private John Maguire were selected to perform this hazardous duty. They were experienced soldiers, seasoned horsemen, excellent marksmen, fairly familiar with the country, and accustomed to Indians and their methods. They were directed to push forward to their destination with all possible speed, and were cautioned to be constantly on the alert, for the Apaches were prowling in the Sierras in small bodies, watching like hawks for an opportunity to pounce on weak and careless scouting parties.

The two soldiers were well armed, mounted on hardy, tireless, California horses, and were inspired with that superb self-confidence and fearlessness of danger that are characteristic of American cavalrymen; and they rode out of camp as gayly as knights ever galloped to a joust, waving careless farewells to their envious companions in arms.

All through the hot July day they rode over the parched plain, keenly alert to the possible dangers of the country, and towards evening they saw the lone pine that marked the cool and welcome pool among the rocks in the San Blas pass. They rode cautiously up the narrow trail, and carefully scanned the approaches to the spring; but no living thing was astir, and there were no telltale marks in the trail to indicate the presence of evil and aggression in the silent oasis.

But they had not seen the hawks of the hills, whose keen eyes had watched their approach for many a mile, and who were hiding in the pass below for the hour to come when they could pounce upon their unguarded foes. A dozen Apaches were in the rocks, patient, tireless, cruel, who reckoned upon the savage pleasure of capturing their prey alive, that they might joy their pitiless souls in an exquisite ingenuity of torture.

The soldiers rode boldly to the spring, into which the whinnying horses thrust their thirsty mouths and hot noses luxuriously. The soldiers unsaddled and unbridled the horses, and after spreading the moist saddle-blankets on the rocks to dry, they picketed the animals where the scant grasses grew thickest.

The habit of caution impelled them to climb the trail to

the pine before cooking their frugal supper, to assure themselves that plain and pass were free from danger. As they clambered up the hill the angry snorting of the horses made them turn and shrink behind the rocks. Their hearts stood still, for the philistines were upon them. The Apaches had rushed from the shelter of the rocks to secure the horses, to cut off any escape of their prey, and the frightened animals had betrayed them, for, snorting and kicking, they had broken their lariats and gone clattering down the trail to the plain below.

The two soldiers felt cold tremors run over them, for they knew they had a fight to the death ahead of them, and they fully understood they would be dead or free long before any aid could ever reach them in that side track of the desert.

"Creep up the trail, Maguire," said the corporal, calmly. "I'll cover you and follow you. We must hurry up, for they'll climb the hill down below and try and head us off. Our only chance is to reach the pine and the rocks."

Maguire nodded coolly, and simply said: "Don't shoot in a hurry, corporal. We have more time than ammunition;" and he went up the trail swiftly, halting behind a bowlder.

Franklin caught a glimpse of the Indians, but only a glimpse, for their own safety was of more importance than the capture of the soldiers. That was only a question of time. The corporal joined the private above, and then both started on a run for the pine, amid the yelling and firing of the Indians, who had gained the summit further down. Just a few paces from their shelter Maguire staggered, and as he caught him, Franklin saw the blood gushing from his breast over his gray shirt. As the men struggled into the shelter of the rocks, the wounded man pitched over dead with a ball through his head, and Franklin felt a hot, searing stroke on his cheek.

Grief and rage surged through Franklin's breast, but he kept his head, and from behind his rocky breast-work drove the Indians to the shelter of the cedars, a hundred yards away. His cheek-bone ached, and the blood from his wound dripped on his shirt; but, though painful, he knew his wound was not dangerous, and he kept watch upon his vigilant foe, glancing betimes at his dead comrade stretched limply at his side. Darkness came, but his steady watch was maintained, the strain being relieved by an occasional shot at his creeping enemies, which made them chary of their wary and desperate prey. Later the glare down the pass told him that the Apaches were cooking, and their vigilance relaxing. They felt certain of their prey and could wait, and it was evident only a few were left to watch the trapped man. Then the big yellow moon came up, flooding the valley and pass with light, casting big shadows from tree and bowlder, and illuminating the space that separated the trooper and the Apaches. Once he saw an Apache flitting ghostlike among the cedars to reach his flank; but Franklin's shot and the Indian's yell discouraged further attempts. The rocks below and back of Franklin's position were buried in black shadows, made all the more dark by the contrasting light, and the desperate man determined to leave his trap and endeavor to get round and back of his foes into the mountains in the darkness. To go out on the moonlit valley back towards the cavalry camp seemed too madly hazardous even to a man in his desperate dilemma; for he rightly imagined that when they learned his escape the Indians would scour the plain for their victim. As a preliminary to his break, he fired a couple of shots haphazard at his foes, and his luck was rewarded by yells of rage from the Apaches. Leaving this impression of vigilance, Franklin took a last look at his poor dead comrade, and shuddering at the thought of the morrow's outrage on that body, he dropped down from the bowlders among the black shadows, and creeping as cautiously as a wolf, worked down and round the position of the Indians. He plunged into the woods parallel with the pass, and worked toilsomely along until he stood on the cliffs above the western end of the pass, looking towards the Tulerosa Mountains. Two precious hours were lost in searching for a trail to the plain below, but once on the level he ran over the plain, vaguely conscious of his direction, intent only upon placing miles between himself and the Apaches. The gray dawn found him at the base of the Sierras, many a long mile from the San Blas Pass, tired, hungry, thirsty—and lost. He worked along into the woods, and lay down in the shadow of a rock and slept. He awoke unrefreshed, and pushed on, weak and hungry, but stout-hearted.

How cruelly hot was the sun, and how sore and dizzy his wounded cheek made him! But he trudged along sturdily over the dusty, blistered, sun-cracked earth, keeping a sharp eye for danger, and vainly searching among the arroyos and sun-baked rocks for water. On and on he walked, up and down the mountains, across the valleys, and hugging the woods again, in a country that seemed at once familiar and strange to him. Night overtook him weary and hungry, with a swollen face, a terrible thirst, and completely worn out. Tightening his belt to stay his craving stomach, he lay down among the bowlders on the summit of the range to sleep; but sleep brought him oblivion without rest, for thirst and his wound tortured him through the weary night. The stars faded out at last, and the burning tyrant of the day came once more, and the tired, bloody-faced man started wearily down the mountain towards the valley that looked so hazy and beautiful below.

Surely there must be water down there, cool, blessed water to moisten his swollen tongue and ease the pain of his wounded face, that throbbed like a pulse. The glaring, staring hot sun beat down on him with fierce intensity, and his hot eyes saw everything in a haze. He rested at the foot of the mountain, feeling in a vague way that he must pull himself together, and then he started wearily across the scorched and tortured plain where the earth seemed to swim in the white glitter of bitter alkali, whose hot dust burned into his cracked, moistureless lips. God! How that sun did blaze and glare! Was there any water in the world? any cool spot under these copper skies?

Now Franklin began to speak aloud in a strangely husky cracked voice as he staggered along over the blistered plain, and his head began to grow light, and his eyes to see things that were not, and the buzzards in the air aloft followed him with awful instinct as one doomed to add his contribution to the bleaching bones of the desert.

Night came at last, and the worn-out, tortured creature dropped to the ground, to roll and moan like a wounded beast, and to dream dreams of the cool springs and brooks back in the hills of New England. The prowling skulkers of the night came near and sniffed at him, only to fly at the sound of his strange husky moanings.

So the night went, and the relentless sun rose up once more to torture man and earth. In a dim way, like a man drugged, he seemed to know he must push on, and he moved out into the white heat of the plain, staggering weakly, and waving the gun he still clung to, until his feet walked mechanically into a beaten trail that his eyes did not see nor his mind grasp. On and on he staggered, growing weaker and more indecisive, and then he dropped in the hot plain with a faint sighing gasp, and the world slipped away from him.

And when the snows had whitened the Sierras and had thrown the mantle of their white charity over plain and mesa, cañon and arroyo, they fell like a benediction upon the pile of whitening bones that lay in the trail in the Tulerosa Valley, adding another mystery to the desert, and indicating that another man had passed on in death to oblivion.

Republics are not ungrateful; they are busy. Ours is a businesslike republic, run on business principles; and they who follow the drum and fight the battles of the country learn sooner or later that the glory of an achievement must not obscure its business side, its debit and credit account with the auditor in Washington.

When Corporal Franklin and Private Maguire rode out into the desert they carried with them certain government property borne on the accounts of Captain Bancroft, to wit: two troop-horses, two saddles, two curb-bits, bridles, and reins, two pairs of leather saddle-bags, two lariats, two picket pins, two nose-bags, two horse-blankets, two Sharps carbines, two Remington revolving pistols, and other accoutrements. These properties must be accounted for satisfactorily, or the sleepless priest of Red Tape in Washington would stop the Captain's pay until satisfaction was given, and then the Captain's wife and babies must suffer.

The death of his men in action with Indians, or their desertion, would cover the loss of property and take it off Captain Bancroft's accounts. If the men were killed in action, the place where the fight and death took place must be duly reported, with such particulars as to interment and so on as are customary in the service. Poor Captain! The bloodless spectre of Red Tape stands between your sense of honor and your necessities. You cannot believe that your two soldiers deserted; you cannot prove that they fought and died. The desert, like the sea, never gives up its dead. It is so simple and easy to affirm that the men deserted. The burden of proving to the contrary lies with them. The articles of war define clearly the conditions that make a deserter, and these two men were absent from the colors beyond the time laid down in the regulations. Clearly they were deserters, and as the government property went with them, thieves. Deserters and thieves!

And so across the muster-rolls of Company K, of the Twelfth Cavalry, appeared the final military record of the men who had perished in the desert—"Deserted in the field, *en route* from Camp Bancroft to Fort Wingate." While the whitening bones in the desert will attest the valor and glory of two dead and forgotten heroes until they crumble to dust, the yellow records in the temple of Red Tape will tell to some curious searcher of the future that Henry C. Franklin and John Maguire were deserters and thieves.

Is it not well that there is One who sees and knows all? for so passeth the glory of the world.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, November 28, 1812. He belonged to a family several members of which have become eminent in professional and public life. An uncle of the same name was for many years Professor of English Language and Literature in Harvard College. An elder brother, Benjamin R. Curtis, was made a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by President Fillmore in 1851, and was growing into the reputation of one of the foremost jurists of his time, when he suddenly resigned his office soon after the judgment in the Dred Scott case was rendered in 1857. The resignation was avowedly made for the purpose of returning to private practice, but the general belief was that Judge Curtis found his position uncomfortable, because of his want of harmony with the majority of the bench in the great revolution which Chief Justice Taney and his associates attempted in the great questions of constitutional law attacked by the Dred Scott decision.

Mr. George T. Curtis was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1832. Many of his classmates achieved eminence in after life, but the best known of them in New York was the late Henry W. Bellows, so long the leader of the Unitarian denomination in New York city. Mr. Curtis studied law in Boston, teaching school and travelling in Europe in the intervals of study, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In his early practice the law of patents was his specialty, in which he soon gathered a valuable clientage; but his bent was always toward constitutional studies. The idea which he represented, and which aroused his enthusiasm as no other principle of ethics or statesmanship could, was that of strict adherence to constitutional provisions and restrictions as supreme. In his mind the Constitution was always open to amendment, and the highest field of intellectual activity was to be found in devising new and improved forms of expression in which to embody its compromises; but the Constitution as it stands at the moment is always to be reverently taken as the voice of the people and the voice of God on every question which it touches. It was this habit of mind which gave character to Mr. Curtis's entire career, both literary and professional. His name first came prominently before the public in 1851. He had accepted the office of United States Commissioner in Boston in full view of the unpopular duties which he might be required to fulfil under the Fugitive Slave Law. In the famous case of Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave, Mr. Curtis, as Commissioner, was compelled by a sense of duty to deliver the slave to his master, and he was denounced for this act with all the bitterness which marked the partisanship of the times. When the war of the rebellion began, Mr. Curtis openly and persistently advocated moderation in the treatment of the South, and insisted with great emphasis on the protection by the nation of all the institutions of every section, including slavery, as far as it had rights under the Constitution. His attitude was generally misunderstood, so that he was regarded as in sympathy with the rebellion; but in fact he was always devotedly attached to the Union, and anxious to preserve it at all hazards, but also to avoid war if possible.

While still a resident of Boston, Mr. Curtis became one of the most intimate friends of Daniel Webster, and later of James Buchanan, and by each of these statesmen he was intrusted with the duty of preparing a biography. He was the author, besides these works, of a long series of law books, the most important of which is his *History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States*, which since its publication has been widely accepted as the standard work on the subject. His treatises on the Law of Copyright and on the Law of Patents are also highly esteemed. His style is not popular, being anxiously precise and excessively careful in its avoidance of misleading ornament and of epigram. But few writers of the century have contributed so much to the education of the younger members of the bar in the accurate interpretation of our fundamental law, and in the thorough study of American institutions.

In 1862 Mr. Curtis removed to New York, and continued his practice for about twenty years with great success in connection with his literary labors. For the last ten years he has lived in dignified retirement, making occasional contributions to the periodical press. He leaves a widow and six children, besides a large family connection.

ARCHPRIEST OF ST. PETER'S.

AN odd circumstance in Italian politics to-day is that its immediate troubles and its immediate masters come from Sicily. It would look as though the Italian boot which we see on the map had "stubbed" its toe against the angular island which it seems to be forever kicking into the Mediterranean. From Sicily arose the riots which have made Signor Crispi practical dictator of the Italian Kingdom. From Sicily came Crispi himself. From Sicily, too, came Cardinal Rampolla, Pope Leo's Secretary of State, who, under his master, wields the great influence of the Roman Church, and wields it with more effect in Italy than elsewhere. Crispi and Rampolla are frankly in opposite camps—Crispi, the old anticlerical, antiroyal revolutionist, now a monarchical "opportunist"; and Rampolla, the zealous priest of Jesuit training, who has become "modern" with the times. The two Sicilians have taken each other's measure, and if Crispi is bold and cunning, Rampolla is daring and subtle. So far the honors are pretty even between them. Under Rampolla's rule the old *non possumus* policy of the time of Pius IX. does not exist. The note of passive resistance is unheard. The conflict is not of arms, it is true, but of wits, of counsels and intrigues, and the Sicilian of the Vatican is a good match in all for the Sicilian of the Quirinal.

Mariano Rampolla, Marquis del Tindaro, Palatine Cardinal, who now holds the important office held in our generation by such remarkable men as Antonelli, Simeoni, and Jacobini, to the last of whom he succeeded, is a young man, as cardinals go. At fifty-one years of age he has attained the highest post in the Pope's gift—his mouth-piece to the outside world, the guardian of his policy, the sharer of his confidences. His training has been on the diplomatic side of the Church. Educated at the Capranica, the Jesuit college of Rome, he passed thence to the Ecclesiastical Academy, becoming Assistant Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs in 1869. Next we find him counsellor to the Papal Nuncio at Madrid, and in 1876 Acting Papal Nuncio there. He returned to Rome as Secretary of the Propaganda and Director of Oriental Rite Affairs. Later he was Secretary of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Again, from 1880 to 1882, he was Papal Nuncio at Madrid, and a Bishop *in partibus*. Through him it was that in 1885 the Caroline Islands squabble between Spain and Germany was submitted to the Pope for arbitration. No doubt he was the real arbitrator also. He was given his Cardinal's hat in 1887. It was in 1888, however, that the real step toward greatness was taken, when he became Papal Undersecretary of State, with the succession clearly in view. He identified himself completely with the "modern" ideas of Pope Leo; he has vied with his master in advancing them. All honors were within his reach; but he worked with an ardor that seemed to disregard honors—a sure way to gain them in other circles besides the Vatican. And now, on top of all this power and dignity, the Pope has caused some surprise by conferring on Cardinal Rampolla a high, much-coveted office, purely ecclesiastical, and never, in our recollection, allied to the papal premiership—that of Archpriest of St. Peter's, or head of the clergy of the great cathedral. It is a most venerable office, and is always held by a cardinal priest. It is oftenest bestowed on one who has already held station among the canons of the great church itself. Such had been the case with Cardinal Howard, Rampolla's predecessor in the office. Since the death of that stalwart English Lifeguards captain who turned priest, the office has been vacant until now. The Archpriest of St. Peter's is called by the populace "mezzo Papato," or half-Pope, because he it is who leads all the great religious celebrations at St. Peter's, and hence is often mistaken for the Pope himself.

As Cardinal Howard was a tall man of imposing presence, so it may be said is Rampolla; but his gait has nothing of the military, being rather loose-jointed, almost shambling, except in his "grand moments." In person Cardinal Rampolla is as gaunt as he is tall. He has the fine suave smile and the courteous grace of the diplomatic cleric. He transacts an enormous amount of business, receiving in his cabinet all day, and working with his secretaries far into the night. Just now he is preparing for the Consistory, which has been postponed until April. The approach of this gathering of the College of Cardinals, combined with the naming of Rampolla as "half-Pope," has set the quidnuncs on fire. A Pope has many ways of laying his finger on his successor.

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

THE approach of spring seems to act as a tonic among contributors to current exhibitions of American art. New pictures appear in quantities, and two-thirds of them have the freshness and nervous elasticity which speak of vitality husbanded and spent at last in a concentrated effort. Contrary to its usual custom, the Society of American Artists was first in the field this year. The Academy opened this week—rather later than usual. But it shows in its *ensemble* the result of patient waiting. The jury has done its work admirably, and the sixty-ninth exhibition is one of the best spring displays which the Academy has made in some years. It owes this good character to the discrimination of the jury, as has been said; to the elimination of all the mediocrity possible, and a consequent purification of the average. It is good also because there are present a number of works, perhaps a score or more, which are fine enough to carry the entire show. The proportion may seem small in a collection of over four hundred pictures, but it is gratifying on the whole. Few exhibitions yield, after all, very many pictures that are strikingly superior to their fellows.

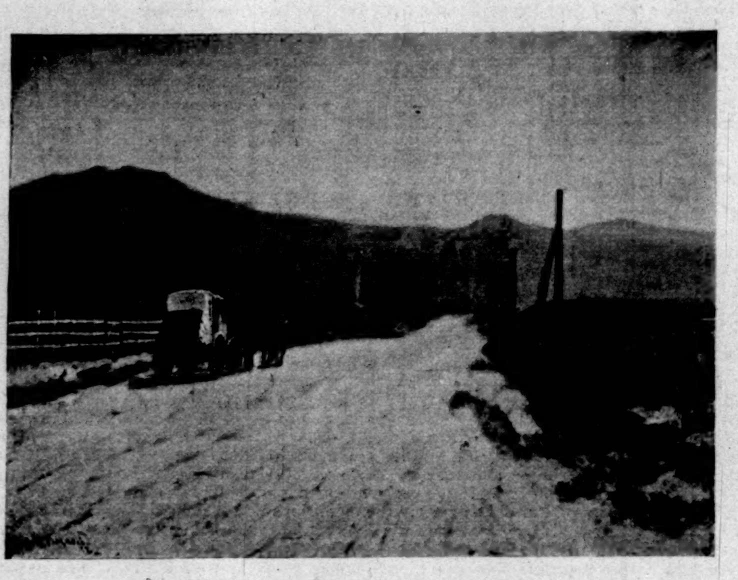
One particularly pleasant fact in connection with this exhibition is the catholicity which rules on its highest level. The honors do not belong exclusively to the landscapists or the portrait-painters, but are distributed evenly, and there are artistic works in each direction which has invited the brushes of the exhibitors. Mr. Kappes's "Voodoo" repre-

sents well an impulse working among common negro types, working realistically, yet with a touch of sombre fancy. The little figure piece by Mr. H. O. Walker, a design of much grace and symmetry, is remarkable chiefly for its poetic suggestion. This vein which Mr. Walker cultivates may not predominate in the exhibition, and is, as a rule, so sparingly exploited that a special word of welcome is due to those adequate illustrations of it which appear upon this occasion. Mr. Bell's fighting centaurs in the corridor, No. 67, is a most interesting composition. The panting fury of the contesting wrestlers is expressively rendered, the creature watching in the thicket is full of meaning, and the atmosphere of strangeness is sensitively realized. Technically the painting is clever, and shows that Mr. Bell, one of the most promising of the younger men, is advancing steadily. As much can be said for Mr. Prellwitz, who belongs in the same category, and whose picture of Dante in a wood of very neatly conventionalized lines, the painting catalogued as No. 50, is designed effectively and executed with thoroughness and ease. Miss Mitchill's "Hagar and Ishmael," No. 368, is among the better compositions having some imaginative significance; its color is delicate and original. Mrs. Lamb's large decorative religious picture, No. 1, Miss Macomber's graceful "Madonna," No. 7, and the fancy by Miss Dodson called "The Morning Stars," No. 15, may be noted as clever pictures in elevated keys. Mr. Caliga's full-length of a white-robed figure wearing a halo is not religious wholly in feeling, but it is a good bit of technique. At the head of all the more imaginative productions is the picture by Mr. Abbott Thayer, No. 213, which occupies the place of honor at the end of the south gallery. It represents a woman in classic costume seated by a colonnade of slender shafts. It has Mr. Thayer's customary defects. The drawing is loose, the handling is heavy in places, and the color is not always clear. But the pure spirituality of the work, the haunting nature of the face—these things are as they always are in Mr. Thayer's work, and they leave a deep impression.

Turning from the pictures which have a more or less poetic drift to those which are content to attack vivaciously the charms of material appearances, we find some first-rate brush-work and a very deft handling of lights in the picture by Mr. Benson, which we reproduce. Mr. Tarbell's double portrait, No. 253, is distinguished by rapid workmanship, and especially by a very intelligent treatment of textures. The pretty girl painted by Mr. Smedley in No. 325 is portrayed with delightful *chic*, and throughout the show you will find work done in this attractive style. You will find it in Mr. Herter's study of a girl, No. 218; in the large portrait of a figure in white, a figure all *frou-frou* and decorative daintiness, which Mr. Keller has in the corridor; in Mr. Curran's pretty picture of a summer model, No. 400; and in Mr. Low's nude idyl, No. 228. Mr. Franzen's fragments of humble *genre*, and Mr. Davies's little sketch, No. 201, should be observed among the figure subjects, which include also two large compositions in the anecdotic mood by Mr. J. G. Brown and Mr. F. Dielman. The last-mentioned artist has done a careful, conscientious piece of work in the large historical picture which hangs in the south gallery. He began work upon it long ago, intending it for the World's Fair, but it only appears now after the exhibition at Chicago has come and gone.

The representation of portraiture is most satisfying in the hands of Mr. Isham, who has two excellent studies of feminine sitters; of Miss Beaux, whose subject in No. 74 is also a woman; and of Mr. Vinton, the painter of a masculine portrait, No. 403, which is, in its unpretentious, painstaking way, one of the strongest performances the Academy has sheltered for a long time. Mr. Fowler's portrait of Mr. Dana catches the likeness cleverly enough, and there are resemblances to Mr. Janvier in the portrait of him by Mr. Beckwith which hangs here, but neither of these two paintings is of a high quality. There is much that is good to be said of the landscapes. Everywhere there are evidences of feeling and penetration seconded by manual ability. The note varies. It is vague in Mr. Horatio Walker's beautiful ploughing scene, No. 311. It is sharp and clear in Mr. Picknell's large California landscape, No. 289. There are hints of poetry in Mr. Miner's pictures, and the scene by Mr. Daingerfield, No. 408, wakens all sorts of memories of country roads and huge mysterious trees. Mr. Murphy, Mr. Inglis, Mr. C. Y. Turner, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Schilling, Mr. Pape, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Robinson have each something to say to his public, something to say that is worth hearing, in regard to color, sentiment, and landscape form. They play their part in the production of a general effect which can be praised with considerable liberality.

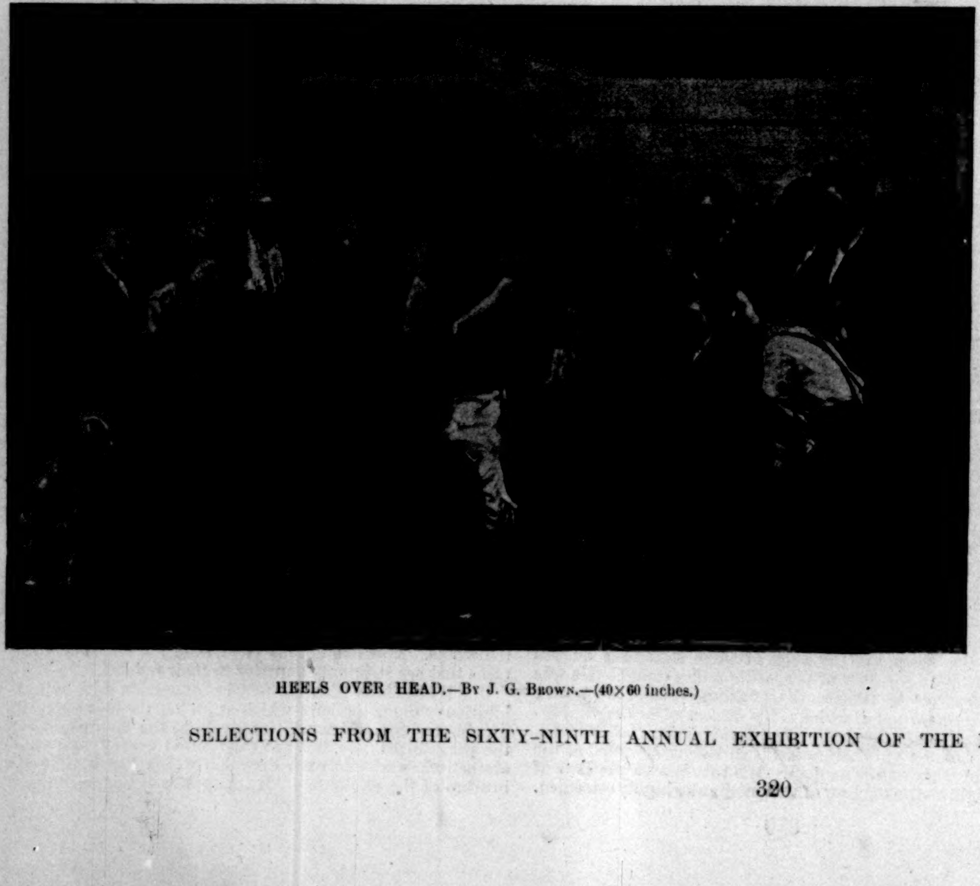
All things considered, the exhibition is certain to prove a success.



IN CALIFORNIA.—By William L. Picknell.—(49×66 inches.)

FIRELIGHT.—By Frank W. Benson.—(29×39 inches.)

THE HARROWER.—By Horatio Walker.—(24×36 inches.)



HEELS OVER HEAD.—By J. G. Brown.—(40×60 inches.)

THE TEA-DRINKING.—By Clara T. McChesney.—(18¼×24¼ inches.)

SELECTIONS FROM THE SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S LATEST OPERA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 322.]

THIS · BUSY · WORLD ·

The gentle paternalism of the French government, and also the obligation it feels to protect the privacy of individuals, were lately illustrated in an amusing way. A huge advertising poster, ten feet high, had been stuck up all over France, in which President Carnot and his wife were represented sitting at a table and sipping with obvious approval a new Algerian brandy. Remarking the poster with disapproval, the government simply ordered pieces of colored canvas to be pasted over the two heads, leaving the rest untouched. And so it continues to appear that they do some things better in France.

Only one reason readily suggests itself why Lord Rosebery should want to marry the Princess Maud, and that is that the Princess may be a nice young girl whom a discriminating widower would be glad on general principles to have for his wife. That the Prince of Wales should be happy to be connected even by marriage with the government can be understood, but that Lord Rosebery should have any special longing to be connected with the royal family is not so readily credible. Why should he? It is hard to say, unless, indeed, he likes to do difficult things merely because they are difficult, and without much reference to whether they are worth while. Such a predilection argues a defect in judgment, but perhaps it is a defect that he has. There is a tale about him that when he was an undergraduate at Oxford he once said that he wanted to win the Derby, to marry the richest heiress in England, and to be Premier. It may not be a true tale, but if it is it does him no special credit, since the ambition to marry a richest heiress is fitter to realize than to profess. But if Rosebery takes this sporting view of life, that it is a series of "events" to be "pulled off," it is possible that he would take a certain pleasure in adding a royal princess to his score.

Clubdom has been a good deal agitated over the news of the election of Mr. William Waldorf Astor into the Carleton Club of London. Unless one is a Tory M. P., to get into the Carleton Club involves something more than merely ringing the door-bell. Not a great many Englishmen out of Parliament do it, and very, very few Americans. Just how Mr. Astor got in is a subject of much speculation and many hypotheses. The fact that the Carleton could rely on him as a prompt payer of dues is not thought to have any bearing on the case. It has been suggested that his election amounts to a tacit apology by the English for their discourtesy in burning Washington in 1812, but that seems a far-fetched conclusion, a better opinion being that the fact that Mr. Astor is proprietor of an influential Tory newspaper had much to do with the case. He not only got in, but got in over the heads of a long string of British gentlemen whose names had been proposed before his.

Another London club election which is of interest, though it has not been so widely dwelt upon as Mr. Astor's, is that of Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine, of Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co., into the Reform Club. The Reform Club, like the Carleton, has not been in times past a particularly accessible club to Americans. Mr. McIlvaine's sponsors there were Colin Hunter and William Black.

The death of Madame Patey, the English singer, as a result of over-exertion in responding to encores, brings the encore system up once more for revision by the company of enlightened Britishers who write letters to the London *Times*. One of these expostulators insists that "there is no doubt that if two or three encores had not been shamefully insisted on, our sweet vocalist would now be alive," and hopes that the sacrifice will at least result in expression "of the general feeling on the cruelty and uselessness of the demands of the noisy and uncultivated amongst the listeners at our public concerts."

Such is not the view taken by the vivacious *Saturday Review*, which argues the general question to the length of a column, with the conclusion that where one singer dies of encores, there are scores or even hundreds who live on them. It seems likely enough that the *Saturday Review* is right, and that human nature and the love of approbation are too strong in singers and actors to favor hope of the suppression of the encore habit by concerted action on their part.

It is reported that Mr. St. Gaudens has designed three new models for the World's Fair medal, which have passed the scrutiny of the Senate Committee on Art, and have gone into the hands of Secretary Carlisle. If the Secretary likes either of them he will accept it. If not, it is supposable that he will have a suitable design turned out by one of the young men in the office of the supervising architect of the Treasury. This practice of calling in outsiders to do the work of Uncle Sam's paid help is evidently a hinderance to the despatch of business, and not very much to the Secretary's taste.

The Boston *Transcript* thinks that no psychologist can account for the impression of Mr. Laurence Hutton (as lately recorded in the WEEKLY) that he heard Mr. J. R. Lowell utter a certain very striking sentence at a Savage Club dinner in London. A gentleman known to this department of the WEEKLY is not of the *Transcript's* mind. He thinks he can almost account for Mr. Hutton's impression, or at least he produces another impression to match it, for he insists that the words attributed to Mr. Lowell are perfectly familiar to him, and that he has heard them before, but does not know where. His theory is that Mr. Hutton had also heard them, and associated them with Lowell by some process which will possibly be less obscure when the true derivation of the sentence is ascertained. It will be remembered that, apropos of Byron's exclusion from Westminster Abbey, Mr. Lowell is supposed (by Mr. Hutton) to have stigmatized the action of the Dean and Chapter as "the refusal of a resting-place to the pedestal of the statue of one of the greatest of your poets in the ground which is polluted by the rotten ashes of the mistresses of your kings." That is a sort of rhetoric that would be apt to stick in any ear into which it fell. Where, then, did Mr. Hutton hear it, if not from Mr. Lowell at the Savage Club? Did he read it?

Stanley found Livingstone alive, and brought back his last message to civilization. The man who just missed the fame that Stanley's exploit brought him, and who, as it was, found the great missionary dead, and sent his body home, was Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, who was killed in the hunting-field in England by a fall from his horse less than a fortnight ago.

Commander Cameron was the son of an English clergyman. He was appointed a naval cadet in 1857, and reached the rank of commander in 1876. Between 1872 and 1876 he had charge of the Royal Geographical Society's East Coast Livingstone Expedition. He led his party across equatorial Africa from ocean to ocean—an achievement which he was the first white man to perform, and the record of which is set forth in his book *Across Africa*, published by the Harpers. It has been justly said of this book that it worthily describes one of the most memorable, daring, romantic, and successful exploits in the whole history of African exploration.

In 1878, after a period of active service in the navy, Commander Cameron made a journey through Asia Minor and Persia to India to look into the feasibility of a railroad along the course of the Euphrates, as to which his opinion was favorable. His latest expedition, in 1882, was an exploration of the country back of the African Gold Coast. He is said to have been the first to suggest the employment of chartered companies to advance the civilization of Africa by building railroads and establishing steam navigation of rivers. The manner of his death recalls that of Speke, another famous African explorer, who survived all the perils of the Dark Continent to die by the accidental discharge of his own fowling-piece while shooting.

Both in New York and Massachusetts the mind-cure people are before the Legislatures in defence of their sort of cure. At Albany the Assembly Committee on Public Health has given two hearings to supporters of a bill providing that any person may freely contract for the services of whomsoever he considers competent to alleviate suffering or prevent or heal disease, and that it shall be lawful for persons so employed to attend, treat, nurse, and endeavor to heal the employing patient, and receive compensation therefor, subject to the laws of the State relative to malpractice. The supporters of this bill seem to be mainly Christian scientists, who insist upon the enjoyment of that branch of freedom which consists in testing their theories on other citizens, and protest against the limitation of licenses to certain schools of medicine.

In Boston a petition is afoot asking the Massachusetts Legislature not to pass a bill now pending to compel all persons practising medicine in Massachusetts without "reputable degrees" to take out a license. The condition of gaining the license is that they pass an examination in medicine and surgery which shall be satisfactory to five examiners appointed by the Governor. To this bill the Christian scientists are naturally opposed, and are fighting it hard, and will probably beat it, as they have done before. Among the strongest documents on their side is a long letter from Dr. William James, the Harvard professor of psychology, who says a number of things that will make lively reading for his colleagues of the medical profession. His objections to the bill are that it is too grandmotherly, and opposed to the best traditions of the State, that "it adds but an infinitesimal degree of security to the citizens' chances of being faultlessly treated when sick," and that "it tends to obstruct the progress of therapeutic knowledge." His argument on his first point is that the proposed bill interferes with personal liberty. On his second point that the best doctors make mistakes, that very many doctors with medical degrees are unfit to practise, and that it is absurd to try to be so particular about doctors anyway, so long as the citizen can buy patent medicines and consume them "at his unchartered will." His discourse on his third point takes him into a field in which he is an expert, and is very interesting. He finds that in the treatment of diseases of the nervous system and the mind, power and learning do not necessarily go together. Remarking that the "great Charcot is accused, and probably correctly, of actually manufacturing new types of invalidism by his scientific performances at the Salpêtrière, while some common doctor will rescue case after case by using methods which are not medical, but pedagogic and moral," he goes on to say:

"Of all the new agencies that our day has seen, there is but one that tends steadily to assume a more and more commanding importance, and that is the agency of the patient's mind itself. Whoever can produce effects there holds the key of the situation in a number of morbid conditions of which we do not yet know the extent, for systematic experiments in this direction are in their merest infancy. They began in Europe fifteen years ago, when the medical world so tardily admitted the facts of hypnotism to be true, and in this country they have been carried on in a much bolder and more radical fashion by all those 'mind-curers' and 'Christian scientists' with whose results the public, and even the profession, are growing gradually familiar.

"I assuredly hold no brief for any of these healers, and must confess that my intellect has been unable to assimilate their theories, so far as I have heard them given. But their *facts* are patent and startling; and anything that interferes with the multiplication of these facts, and with our freest opportunity of observing and studying them, will, I believe, be a public calamity. The law now proposed will so interfere, simply because the mind-curers will not take the examinations. They return to science disdain for disdain; and nothing would please some of them better than such a taste of imprisonment as might, by the public outcry it would occasion, bring the law rattling down about the ears of the mandarins who should have enacted it.

"And whatever one may think of the narrowness of the mind-curers, their logical position is impregnable. They are proving by the most brilliant new results that the therapeutic relation may be what we can at present describe only as a relation of one person to another person; and they are consistent in resisting to the uttermost any legislation that would make 'examinable' information the root of medical virtue, and hamper the free play of personal force and affinity by mechanically imposed conditions."

It is an unusual and notable thing to find a scientist of medical education and asserted sanity talking in such tones as these of things so generally scoffed at by the wise as "Christian science" and "mind-cure." If the Boston Christian scientists cut Dr. James's "notice" out of the newspaper and paste it in the crowns of their Easter bonnets, it will be a pardonable indulgence on the part of those much-ridiculed but persistent dames.

E. S. MARTIN.

"UTOPIA, LIMITED."

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S LATEST WORK.

THOSE who have happy memories of *Trial by Jury*, *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and *The Mikado* will undoubtedly go to the Broadway Theatre in large numbers to see and hear the latest operetta of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is called *Utopia, Limited; or, the Flowers of Progress*. The first performance, on Monday evening, March 26th, attracted a large and brilliant audience, and if applause means anything at all, the operetta gave a great deal of pleasure. Every one knows what to expect from Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. We know that even when they have been least happy in the choice of a subject, they are sure to produce work that is artistic in spirit and worthy of kindly consideration by a community whose amusement-purveyors too often regard it as incapable of appreciating anything better than slang, buffoonery, and acrobatics.

Mr. Gilbert's forte is satire, and his method of demonstration by inversion, and by carrying out cant phrases literally, and running them to earth with cold logic, is sufficiently familiar to the local public. Knowing his story, we can guess pretty successfully at his treatment. The story, of course, is extremely simple. Mr. Gilbert's stories always are. None of his operettas contain elaborate plot or brisk action. Conditions are his fundamental material, and out of them he extracts amusing dialogue and fascinating lyrics. In *Utopia* we are introduced to an imaginary South Pacific island, where the people pass their time in happy indolence under the reign of a monarch of mild disposition and blameless morals. He has sent his eldest daughter to England to be educated at Girton College, and when she returns she brings with her several choice specimens of modern English civilization—the "flowers of progress." She speedily discovers that her father is not a free agent. He is completely under the rule of his two wise men. They have induced him to libel himself as a profligate in the court journal, and they keep him under subjection by threatening to denounce him to the Public Exploder, whose business it would then be to disintegrate him with dynamite. The King is compelled to accede to all their demands, but he provides as far as possible against emergencies by buying up the whole of every edition of the *Palace Peeper*.

With the princess come an officer of the army, an officer of the navy, a lord, a company promoter, a barrister, and a county councillor, who are introduced as specimens of the classes who have made England's greatness. They all promise King Paramount that if their ideas are adopted his kingdom will become a paragon among the nations of the earth. The company promoter, however, offers the most valuable hint. He suggests that the government be transformed into a joint stock company of limited liability. The King jumps at the idea, and the first act ends with general rejoicings, except on the part of the Public Exploder and the two wise men.

In the second act we find Utopia changed into an imitation of England. The old costumes have been discarded, and every one appears in magnificent court costume. The King calls his first council under the new arrangement. It consists, of course, of the Utopia, Limited, Company—himself and the imported flowers of progress. They seat themselves in a semicircle after the manner of negro minstrel companies. The King asks his new Chamberlain, Lord Dramaleigh, if this is according to the custom of the court of St. James, and is told that at any rate it is according to that of the court of St. James's Hall. The council then proceeds in the form of a minstrel song, the members playing instruments, including bones and tambourine, and the orchestra using "Johnny, get your Gun," as the accompaniment. This very funny scene is followed by a solemn travesty on the Queen's Drawing-room, in which the stage picture and the costumes worn by the women are of remarkable richness and brilliancy. The young army officer and the King's eldest daughter become lovers, and the two younger daughters, who have been reared at home under the care of an English governess and made absurdly shy, are enlightened by Lord Dramaleigh and the company promoter. The King himself wins the affection of the governess, who is, of course, a contralto and very tall. But the populace rebels, under the leadership of the wise men, because things are now going so well that the army and navy, the lawyers and the doctors, have no occupation. The Princess Zara now remembers that they had forgotten to introduce government by party, by which means all existing conditions would be reversed at every change of the ministry. With this happy solution of the difficulty the operetta ends.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Gilbert's methods will readily perceive what opportunities this story affords him. His dialogue has literary merit all the time, and his lyrics are, as usual, full of charming rhythms. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is perhaps not quite so captivating in melody as in some of the other operettas; but it is always good to hear. In all probability it would have been more easy of general appreciation had not both author and composer sought so earnestly to depart from conventional forms of versification. However, Sir Arthur has never written anything more graceful than the duet of the Princess Zara and her lover in Act II., nor anything more fascinating than the dance of Phantis, which is repeated by the King. There are half a dozen other numbers too which will impress themselves on the mind more and more favorably at each repetition. The operetta is beautifully put on the stage, and it has been so thoroughly rehearsed that the performance, while by no means conspicuous for individual merit, moves with great smoothness and general effect. The charming orchestration of Sir Arthur Sullivan, which, for the musical ear, is one of the most potent attractions of the entire work, is admirably revealed by a competent orchestra under the skilful direction of John J. Braham. The scenery is theatrically effective, and reflects great credit on the painters, Hugh L. Reid and C. D. McGiehan.

W. J. HENDERSON.

GEOGRAPHY IN THE SCHOOLS.

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THE improvement of geographical teaching in the schools involves a combination of subject, teacher, and method that shall result in greater advantage than is now gained by the scholar. As to the subject, it is the rational element that is in greatest need of expansion. From the first steps towards geography in the primary school to the last strides in the high-school or college, more attention should be given to those aspects of the subject that give a reasonable meaning to the facts of inorganic nature, and to their relations with plants, animals, and man. A brief article can refer to only one part of this question, and I shall choose that part which stands most in need of enrichment, namely, the part that considers the forms of the land and their meaning. Very little attention is now given in schools to the relief of the land and its development; and too much time is given to maps that express little besides horizontal distance and distribution. As a result, the scholar is unprepared to perceive the features of the land when he travels, unprepared to appreciate the control that natural features exert on population, occupation, and movement, and hence is unable to lay in geography a sound foundation for the after-building of history.

When one considers the great advance made by geology during this century, and especially during the second half of the century, it is curious to see that geography has advanced so little. No one now questions that the earth is long-lived; that the existing processes of land-sculpture have been long in operation, and will long continue; yet no school geography presents to its scholars any adequate idea of the

meaning of even the simpler land forms thus sculptured. With the exception of trifling allusions to deltas and timid references to valleys, there is hardly any consideration of land forms as the products of long-continued elevations or depressions, of the slow wasting of exposed land surfaces under the attack of the atmosphere, and of the gradual transportation of the waste towards the sea. This is a most serious mistake. Unless there is due recognition of the development of land forms, geography will remain as blind as biology was before its illumination by the theory of evolution. In order to make this point clearer, it may be worth while to illustrate a few of the essential ideas of geographical evolution by some simple examples of a kind that every scholar in the grammar-schools may appreciate and enjoy. It should be understood, however, that the form of statement here required is much more condensed than would be allowable with young boys and girls in school. As to the difficulty of the ideas here involved, let those who are interested in that aspect of the question make experiment by talking with boys and girls, from eight to twelve years old, about the meaning of the following illustrations.

Given a surface of land on which rain falls, and across which the streams run down the slopes towards the sea, the streams will intrench their channels to a depth dependent on the height of the land above sea-level, and the sides of the trenches will slowly waste and widen. All river valleys may be thus regarded. In a lowland like Florida, where the land is but slightly raised above the level of the sea, the valleys can only be shallow. In lofty plateaus, like those of Arizona, deep cañons may be cut, and forms of this kind are rudely shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—PLATEAU AND CAÑON.

Fig. 2.—HILL COUNTRY.

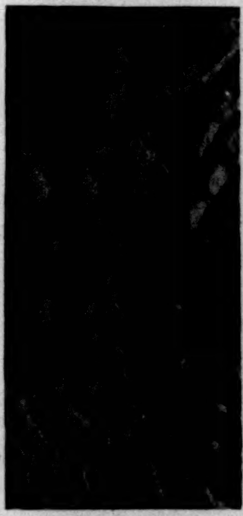
Fig. 3.—GENTLY ROLLING COUNTRY.

Fig. 4.—BAY.

With the further passage of time the valleys will open much wider, side ravines will gnaw their way back into the upland, and from whatever form it may have had at first it will come to be thoroughly diversified. The greater part of our Appalachian plateau is in this condition, a labyrinth of irregularly branching valleys among a wilderness of rugged hills, as is roughly suggested in Fig. 2.

With still longer time, while the valleys can hardly be cut any deeper, the inter-stream hills must be very slowly consumed, and the relief of the surface will progressively diminish, as appears in Fig. 3. Ultimately a featureless lowland of denudation remains. It is curious to see how timidly and imperfectly the current text-books approach and use this simple generalization. It is true that they marvel at the time needed for cutting the cañon of the Colorado; yet this cañon is very youthful geographically; the valley of the Susquehanna is older, as its wide open sides so well prove, but its great age is passed over without a mention. No teacher need hesitate to introduce this lesson because the time involved is long, and not at present measurable in years. It is true that the duration of geographical time will not be clearly apprehended by school-children, but it will be as well apprehended as are the distances of astronomy, in whose lavish millions children often take a wondering delight. Time must therefore be accepted as an essential factor in geographical description.

Next let it be supposed that when in the stage of Fig. 2 the region concerned was slowly and evenly depressed. The sea would then rise over the lowlands, creep up the slopes, and drown the valley into an irregular bay, as in Fig. 4. Compare this with Chesapeake Bay, and notice how much meaning is given to branching sides of that great waterway from Norfolk to Baltimore simply by calling it a drowned valley. Narragansett Bay is another drowned valley, with a number of half-drowned hills forming its islands. The site of Providence is naturally determined at the uppermost reach of the drowning, while the first settlement of Newport began on the upper half of an inner hill-side slope, whose lower half is submerged in its harbor. Why not briefly describe Greece as a rugged mountainous country standing up to its knees in the Mediterranean, and thus at once suggest its varied promontories and bays and its outlying islands? Why should not every New-Yorker know that his metropolis is no more dependent on his own exertions than on the slight drowning of the Hudson Valley, by which navigable waters have been carried far inland through the Appalachian Highland? There is nothing difficult in all this. Children can grasp its essentials with ease. Changes in the altitude of the land must therefore be included in elementary geographical teaching; yet where does it form a characteristic and systematic part of a school course in geography?

Fig. 5.—CAÑON.

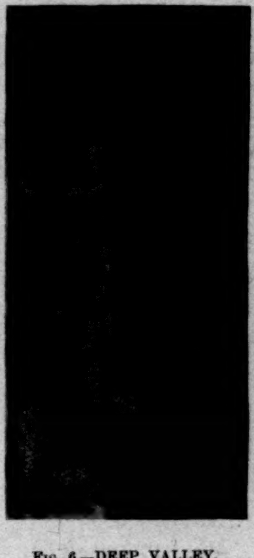
Fig. 6.—DEEP VALLEY.

Fig. 7.—FLOOD PLAIN.

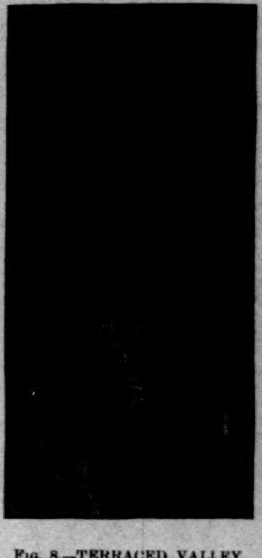
Fig. 8.—TERRACED VALLEY.

If, instead of suffering depression and drowning, a land is gradually and evenly raised, a different series of changes is introduced. Suppose that it was well worn down to a faint relief in the first chapter of its history, and that it was then elevated a thousand feet. The rivers at once resume the task of intrenching themselves as deeply as possible; the valley slopes slowly waste away; the side ravines gnaw backward and dissect the upland (the uplifted lowland), and the whole series of changes is played over again. Fig. 5 illustrates a slight beginning in a new series of valleys, incised in an uplifted old lowland, which had been reduced to a nearly featureless surface by long-continued wasting. Climb the hills around Cincinnati and look at the even skyline. It marks an old lowland of denudation now uplifted. Look at the narrow trench of the Ohio, with its steep slopes; look at the sharp-cut valleys of the side streams; they have all been eroded since the old lowland was raised to its present plateaulike altitude. Numerous similar examples of regions in one stage or another of simple or more complicated development might be given, but only one more can be introduced here. Fig. 6 exhibits a good-sized river in an ordinary valley, well incised between the adjacent hills. It sometimes happens, for one reason or another, that the river is unable to carry along all the waste that it receives from its drainage slopes; then the valley is clogged with sand or silt, forming a flood plain, as appears in Fig. 7. The river meanders across the plain, shifting its channel from side to side. Later on it may return to the work of deepening the valley, and the flood plain will then be trenched and terraced. In such cases it often happens that the river will not cut down precisely to its old valley bottom, but will come upon a rocky spur on its former valley slopes; there rapids or cascades will be developed, and on such rapids or water-powers nearly all the manufacturing cities of New England have sprung up. Two falls of this kind are illustrated at the upper and lower thirds of the terraced valley of Fig. 8. Here the life of rivers and the life of men are closely interwoven. These brief paragraphs may indicate the quality of the subject, but they cannot measure its variety or its richness. The essential point of all this is that the element of rational explanation must be introduced into geography. Simple cases like the above may be employed in the earlier school years; a vast supply of more serious problems may be drawn upon for later study, all leading to a clearer insight into the meaning of the world about us.

Now what as to teachers and methods? It was, in the opinion of the conference on geography (see the WEEKLY for November 18, 1893), the plain duty of teachers of geography to acquaint themselves as rapidly as possible with the rational element of their subject. They must study not only the development of the land, but they must learn more about the ocean and the atmosphere as well; and they must examine particularly the close connection that the inorganic world, thus interpreted, has with the conditions of life upon it. It is not enough to know the site and size of cities, but rather by what natural control were the site and size determined. For example, look at the numbers of large cities situated on bays that were formed by drowning valleys; such an exception as Madras has to pay dearly for departing from the rule. It is to facts of this kind, rather than to the traditional questions about the number of branches on various rivers, that attention should be turned. Normal schools in particular should see to it that their scholars, who are preparing for work as teachers in the public schools, should receive a good training in the rational phase of geography. When this phase of the subject is well introduced they will find it decidedly more educative than many parts of the empirical geography that it displaces. It goes without saying that here, as elsewhere, the teacher must possess his subject as part of his own knowledge. A teacher who doubts the spheroidal form of the earth, and who thinks that the sun may be about the same size as the moon, will have difficulty in explaining to his scholars a variety of facts that are encountered rather early in the school course. In the same way, a teacher who does not regard the cañon of the Colorado as a young valley, who does not recognize submergence as the essential cause of Chesapeake Bay, who finds no suggestion in the location of factories at falls—such a teacher will think all this about the sculpture of the land is too hard for his scholars. The simple truth of the matter is that it is too hard for the teacher who has never learned it. When the subject is properly and simply presented, children make no more objection to receiving ideas about the elevation or depression of the land, or about the slow excavation of valleys, than they do to believing what they are reasonably told about the size and shape of the earth. All these matters are beyond their immediate observation; all are mysteries to the untaught; all are readily recognized as rational when clearly presented.

The chief duty of the teacher is therefore to be persuaded of the truth of his teachings. He must be familiar with the expression of the truth in nature. He must not rely too largely on the text-book as authority. For some time to come there will be slow progress in this direction, because the literature of the subject is so incomplete. The text-books now in use are distinctly conventional. On the rational side of geography they are insufficient or inexact. Books other than text-books are few in number, and are seldom found in teachers' hands. They should be much more numerous and much more widely used. But with growth in these various directions, with pressure from all sides, and from the intending teachers more persistently than from any other source, improvement must be made, and the coming generation of teachers may reasonably be expected to be in advance of their predecessors.

Finally a few paragraphs as to methods. How shall the well-informed teacher impress the rational element of geography on the mind of his scholars? Let the beginning be made early. Little children in primary schools can see muddy streams running in gullies or gutters. They always run down hill. They nearly always carry some sand or silt along, and after a rain they may be well charged with sediment. In the country road-side the streams may often be seen intrenching their channels deeper in the hill-sides. Do not press the moral of these simple observations too rapidly, but let the facts take firm hold in the mind. Later on, pictures of narrow valleys, of wide-open valleys, of mountains, of lowlands—all may be made to recall and enlarge upon the primary theme. With a reasonable supply of illustrative material, and with an actively inventive mind, fertile in expedients suited to the needs of the school, the well-informed teacher will not find school-children lagging behind explanations of a rational kind. At every point they touch the human elements of geography, and thus excite a personal interest in the study. Political geography is made much more interesting by seasoning it with a spice of meaning.

Concrete materials which contribute to methods of teaching demand as much improvement as anything else. The need of better text-books has already been mentioned. The need of better maps and illustrations is equally pressing. Some kind of models representing various types of relief are seriously wanted. As a contribution to materials of this kind, mention may be made of the recent report of a subcommittee of the Conference on Geography, of which an account was given in the March number of the *Educational Review*, and in which some two hundred governmental maps of different parts of our country are described. These maps are selected from a much larger number published by various governmental bureaus as being the most expressive of different kinds of geographical forms. Many of them can be had free of cost; the others at a very moderate price. Brief explanatory accounts of each map are included in the report.

It is thought that practical steps of this kind will do much towards advancing the improvement in teaching geography that the conference desired to see.

Sloane Laboratory. Kent Laboratory. Library. Dining-Hall. Library. Peabody Museum. Dwight Hall. Gymnasium.

Art School. Vanderbilt Hall. Osborn Hall. South Middle. Lyceum. Treasury. North Middle. We

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL

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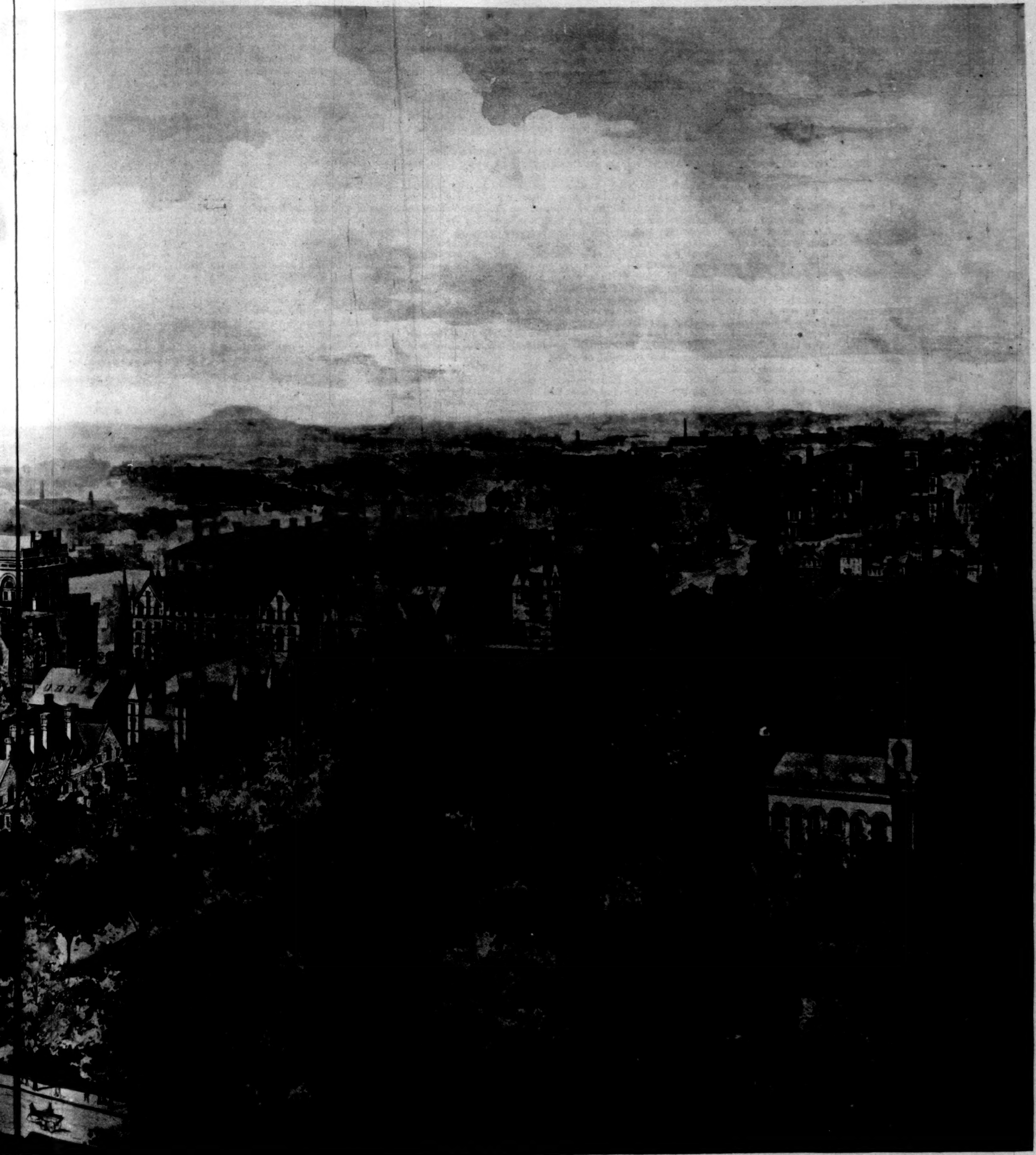


PAL BUILDINGS OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

[...PAGE 327.]

ORGANIZED MISGOVERNMENT.

Bad as the government of New York may be, it is immaculate in comparison with that which Brooklyn possessed before the late overturning. Men in New York who stole $1,000,000 out of $3,000,000 worth of contracts would think they were doing well for themselves. In Brooklyn nearly the entire $3,000,000 would be stolen. Matters came at last to such a pass that about two-thirds of all moneys professedly expended for city purposes really went to the politicians.

This may seem incredible, but it is proved true in numbers of instances. The politicians got the Long Island Water Supply Company's property for $175,000, and immediately Mayor Chapin, for the city of Brooklyn, prepared to take it off their hands and pay $1,750,000. The clamor of the press only drove him on more hurriedly secretly to conclude the infamous bargain. Nothing but the strong hand of the Supreme Court withheld him from the deed.

"DAT'S DE MAN WHAT BLED DE RAILROAD."

The Twelfth Ward park lands were sold to the city of Brooklyn by Twelfth Ward politicians acting through a dummy. They had previously acquired the lands from innocent original owners, who knew nothing of the scheme to turn the greatest public dumping-ground in Brooklyn into a park. The politicians secured the refusal of all the lands, and sold two-thirds of them to the Park Commissioner of Brooklyn for twice as much as they paid for the whole. That is, their little scheme made the park cost the community about four hundred per cent. more than it ought to have cost.

And the very men who were responsible for this were those who were clamoring for the establishment of the park, so that the poor of the Twelfth Ward might have a play-ground, and the children a place to breathe fresh air.

So it was with the other park-land purchases. So it was with the St. Johnland contracts, with the water-works extension, and a score of other matters. The officials, if there were any, who did not use their power almost entirely for their own aggrandizement effectually concealed themselves.

Fraud against the community grew so common and so profitable that vast fortunes were made by men who sprang from the kennels. Three years ago a South Brooklyn politician was on the eve of being dispossessed for rent. His furniture was all gone; his wife and children needed clothing; he was over ears in debt. Six months ago the same man boasted that he was worth $300,000. Between the time he was being dispossessed and the time he was worth $300,000 he was a power in the Board of Aldermen. He held the Cold Thirteen together through the trolley deal, and the franchise extension and the Twelfth Ward and Eighth Ward park purchases came in his term, and were to a very great extent engineered by him. Many dark places there were in his path, and some of the things done by him may yet come to light, and call for punishment as exemplary as that which has alighted on McKane, but at present he is a Senator, with a big fur collar on his coat, and a roll of money so large that when he goes in a friend's saloon he throws down a $100 bill, cocks his stump of cigar up as he pulls his mouth into an expression of infinite disdain, and says,

"Jim, ask de blokes what dey'll have, and keep de change."

Swaggering and rolling his shoulders, he walks the streets, looking with wall-eyed haughtiness on his admiring fellow-men, who whisper as he passes along:

"Dat's de man what bled de railroad for two hundred t'ousand cool plunks. Ain't he nervy?"

"Some of dem aldermen only got two t'ousand out of it. Dis man hung on to de bag. Ain't he a daisy?"

In politics the man is a pirate pure and simple, and Lafitte, Flint, Morgan, or Kidd would be just as appropriate in a public office.

Yet he was a leader, a model, a type of the men whom the late wave of reform in Brooklyn swept away from the rulership.

Standing upon the American Constitution, bearing in mind the theories and traditions of the fathers, remembering and believing in the principles of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, taking into consideration the high intelligence of the American people, and considering further that Brooklyn is a city of homes, with a population of especially high character, it seems inexplicable that a creature so ignorant, so vulgar, so vile, could control the city government by his nod and beck. In New York he would not outlast more than one day's exhibition of his frank and stupid brutality. He would get a message from the boss like that received by a New York legislator who made an offensive speech, and hari-kari and silence would follow.

The government of Brooklyn was so bad because the city was so good. This sounds paradoxical, but it is absolutely true, and easily capable of proof.

Brooklyn has no vice centres, such as the Tenderloin. It has no Bowery. It has several thousand saloons, but New York has four times as many, and in addition has multitudes of gamblers, policy-dealers, common women, bunco-steerers, dive-keepers, mock-auction men, and other criminals and swindlers.

In Brooklyn the saloon-keepers have paid $10 weekly each for the privilege of violating the excise laws. By means of this about $1,300,000 per annum has been collected. Part of this sticks to the hands of the police captains, who are responsible for the collection, but at least $1,000,000 reaches the campaign chest in Willoughby Street. A million dollars sounds large, but there is not much of it for each if divided up among 20,000 men, which is about the size of the actual Democratic standing army of workers. It would only give $50 each, and as scores upon scores of the political workers do nothing but attend to politics, and get rich at that, it is manifest that more money must come from somewhere.

In New York the politician's income, over and above what the saloons pay Tammany through the police for permission to violate the law every Sunday, is paid by the great and magnificent vice centres. Brooklyn hasn't any. She would have them if she was not so close to New York that when Brooklyn people are inclined to be wicked they have only to step across the bridge to encounter in two blocks more opportunities to fall than are spread out over their entire city.

Being without vice centres extensive enough to yield any considerable blackmail revenue, the politicians of the virtuous city of Brooklyn, in order to maintain the vast organization which acknowledged Mr. McLaughlin as its chief, felt compelled to blackmail the business interests and the corporations, and some truly extraordinary spectacles were presented after the departure of Mayor Low from office, and after the late organized misgovernment began.

The city was pining for rapid transit, and four or five companies were in the field ready to provide it, yet the Board of Aldermen would not give any of the promoters of rapid transit a hearing till it was announced that the Brooklyn Elevated had come to terms with them. All difficulties in the way of the Brooklyn Elevated then disappeared as if by magic, while the entire power of the city government was exercised against its rival, the Kings County Elevated. The holding up of the Kings County Elevated Railway by the politicians, who had 23,000 shares of stock in the Union Elevated Railway (successor of the Brooklyn Elevated), was as open as any stage robbery on Western plains.

The state of the case was so well known in Wall Street that when I spoke to Cyrus Field in 1884 about the opening for capital to build elevated railroads in Brooklyn, he answered, "I will guarantee to raise all the necessary capital just as soon as the right to build is secured, but I will not bother with the politicians there."

Openly, and in spite of the protests of the press, the politicians bound the Kings County Elevated hand and foot, and built their own line, the Union Elevated, on all its principal streets, with the exception of Fulton Street, before the slow-moving Court of Appeals could come to the rescue.

Years after electric-light companies were ready to illuminate Brooklyn it was still in darkness at night, because the politicians could not get the companies wanting franchises to come to terms. At last Pope, Sewall, & Co., two enterprising young men, ran wires over the house-tops to serve their customers in the business districts. Their wires were constantly cut and their men arrested, till they let in one of the political chiefs, who got in other political chiefs, and kicked out Pope and Sewall. Then, by means of the city government, they gave themselves large contracts at high figures, and stole their factory water from the city by a secret connection. They then made the closest kind of monopoly of the electric lighting, and prospered exceedingly till the last election.

And these instances are only types of what was done on every hand by organized misgovernment in Brooklyn.

Arrived at this point, the question why Brooklyn should so long appear to prefer organized misgovernment, and should go on giving it great majorities in spite of the constant exposures the press was making, naturally arises. Inexperienced men viewing the phenomenon were wont to say: "Ah, the people don't know. What is wanted is that the papers shall expose more scandals, the editors shall thunder more vigorously, the reformers shall blow their trumpets more loudly, and shall more fully expound to the people the evils from which they are suffering."

CASEY WAS A NICE MAN.

The facts do not bear out this theory. It was seen in almost every instance where a man was stained with misconduct in office, proved against him in the eyes of intelligent men, that his majority increased at the succeeding election. There was another and much deeper cause which made organized misgovernment so strong. This cause was the vast sums of money the ruling politicians spent among their retainers. From the campaign chest in Willoughby Street it flowed in rivers of gold to the wards. There the rivers divided into smaller streams, and if you followed one of these streams you came to Casey, who looks after the voters of one of Brooklyn's shanty towns, marshals them at the polls with his lieutenants, and votes them straight.

In your present position you laugh at Casey; you pity Casey. But suppose you lived in one of those shanties on the edge of the dump; suppose you had a wife and six children, and all you could make was an average of $6 a week the year round; suppose your eldest son was a trifle wild, and had occasional trouble with the police; suppose you had lapses of the same sort yourself; suppose a child was sick, and you could not buy the medicines prescribed; suppose a child died, and you had no money to bury it; suppose your wife died, and you hadn't a cent for the wake—suppose a hundred other matters, any one of which would entirely overwhelm you. What then? To whom could you appeal?

Why, to Casey—smiling, sympathetic Casey, who will drop all his business, if he has any, and picking up your concern, will work at it as if it was his own. He will bail your son or yourself, or will give you money, or go to the funeral or the wake, and see that everything is right. If you are out of work, go to Casey, and he will get you a job in the City Works Department. If you are after any appointment of consequence, Casey will go to the ward boss about you, with the certainty of being listened to, and the ward boss will go to the county boss, if it needs all that, and wires will be pulled all over the country for you if you are worth the trouble—that is, if you can be useful to the organization. Through Casey you can approach the highest authorities of the land, not as a humble suppliant, but with the endorsement of men who sit in Congress, and of strong friends of the aforesaid authorities, and of men who helped largely in making the authorities, and could come very near to unmaking them. To Casey the wires reach down from the place where the Big Boss sits enthroned.

SOME ABSURD DUDE TALKING ABOUT A MAN CALLED JEFFERSON.

Such a nice man is Casey; such a pleasant man is Casey. You can see him on a sunny morning walking along the block, patting the neighbors' children on the head, and giving them pennies. He buys tickets for the church fair, and for the raffle, and for the chowder party; he heads the donation for the man that was hurt; he comforts the widow and the orphan. Casey is one of nature's noblemen, and he has the purse of Fortunatus. He is never out of money or patience. You can stop him on the street at any time and tell him your troubles, and he will give you genuine help and sympathy. Not a mite of pride has Casey.

And who is Casey? and why has he the purse of Fortunatus, when he never works?

Casey is one of several little bosses upon whom each ward boss is founded. Casey got to be leader of his district by natural selection. He was willing to work, was a quiet, responsible sort of man, a good messenger, and one who would not talk too much.

If you had six dollars a week and a family of six children, would you not follow Casey in preference to some absurd dude, who came down among you and your fellows dressed as fine as King Solomon, mincing around the mud-puddles that Casey would walk through, and talking to you about a man called Jefferson, and another called Jackson—fellows who have been dead a long time, and are back numbers—and about something called "principles," but never saying a word about liquor. The dude cackles away at you till you are thirsty enough to drink a gallon of beer; then he goes mincing off to his carriage, leaving you drier than ever.

Go to his headquarters and tell him a tale of woe that would make Casey give up five dollars. What does he say? He shifts about uneasily; you can see in his face that he does not understand or like you. He tells you he is very busy; come and see him after the election; really he has no funds at his disposal. And if he meets you on the street he turns away his head.

Casey does not bother you with principles, and he has very little to say while the talking is going on. But when it is over he takes the whole crowd to the bar, and says, "Mike, set up a keg."

That's Casey! He stands there with a smiling face handing the glasses about, and seeing that the most backward men in the place get their full share.

Casey does favors for scores of men in his district; in return they will do anything for him. They are fond of him; they are proud of him; they are glad to follow his leadership. He knows exactly how the voters in his district stand. That is his business. He can figure within five of the vote that will be cast at his polling-place. He marks the dozen or half-dozen doubtful votes with a D, and sees to it that some one watches each, and knows which way he voted.

By means of Casey and scores like him organized misgovernment keeps its grip on the vast multitude of the poor and the ignorant, to whom it appears in the guise of a benevolent friend ready to warm and clothe and feed them, to deliver them from trouble, and even give them immunity from crime. It makes its appeal directly to human need and greed and selfishness, and success shows its shrewdness.

At present the community in the City of Churches is shocked and disgusted at the revelations following the overturning of the great structure which the politicians built so high. The empty treasury, the countless robberies, frauds, cheats, and steals, and the swarm of vile creatures that scuttled away, seeking darkness, when the sunlight was let in on them, made a startling sight.

But if any one imagines that the work of reform is over, he is greatly mistaken. The livelihood of the politicians is at stake. There are fortunes to be made by misgoverning a city, and the work of rounding up the political serfs who temporarily escaped has again begun, and will be vigorously prosecuted.

SYDNEY REID.

THE "KEARSARGE" COURT MARTIAL.

THE trial by court martial, which began in the Navy-yard in Brooklyn on March 23d, of Commander Oscar F. Heyerman and Lieutenant C. H. Lyman, of the navy, for negligence in causing the loss of the famous old corvette *Kearsarge* on Roncador Reef on February 2d last, has afforded civilians an excellent illustration of that lofty dignity and high sense of duty that prevail in judicial tribunals composed of naval or military officials. The last court martial in Brooklyn before this of a commander of a naval vessel was held three years ago. The charge then was cruelty. The charge this time is losing the vessel that was most dear to the memory of all patriotic citizens.

Naval courts martial of one kind or another are frequent enough in the dismal-looking buildings in the Brooklyn yard, but probably none more interesting than this one was ever held there. This time one finds on trial a commander universally respected, whose handsome, frank face is indicative of his high personal character and ability as a sailor; a man beloved by his associates, superiors and inferiors, as few men in the navy have been; a man, doubtless, who would have preferred to lose his life in the honorable service of his country than to lose this ship, of all ships on which the stars and stripes were raised.

The court first met informally in the office of the commandant of the Navy-yard, and Heyerman, with a profound bow, to which Admiral Gherardi responded with a bow equally profound, surrendered his sword. The court, composed of Commodore C. C. Carpenter, Captains Sicard, Kautz, O'Kane, and B. F. Day, and Commanders J. J. Read, Ludlow, and Leary, with warm personal greetings for Heyerman, then went about its stern duty. The judge-advocate, Lieutenant-Commander J. D. J. Kelley—the ever-delightful Kelley, the littérateur of the navy, and described by one reporter as like a pleasant breeze blowing through the rigging—much to his personal regret, squared himself for the prosecution. Around a long table, in high-back easy-chairs, their swords, gloves, hats, and papers in front of them, the court sat. Heyerman, without his sword and with his counsel, sat at a small table near the judge-advocate, who faced the president at the other end of the long table. According to rank, the members of the tribunal occupied their places. Standing in a circle, these men took the oath prescribed in the regulations. Commander Heyerman pleaded not guilty to charges and specifications, and then sat down, sad-faced but dignified, to face the ordeal, not less trying to his warm personal friends who prosecuted him and sat in judgment on him than to himself.

Day after day the case went on. Each morning, as the court met, Judge-Advocate Kelley solemnly called in the orderly at the door, pursuant to regulation, and announced to him, "The court is open." This custom is prescribed not so much as an outlet for the pent-up dignity of the court as that another orderly may be sent hastily through the barracks to the commandant of the yard, informing him officially that the court is in session. Witnesses for the prosecution and defence were called from admiral down to ensign, charts were examined, experts were questioned, and then Heyerman made an address, in which he said:

"If my conduct can be called neglectful, then all men are guilty of neglect whose best efforts in life are not followed with favorable results."

The last speeches made, the judge-advocate retired, and with much formality each member of the court wrote out his decision, attached his initials to it, and passed it to the presiding officer. All that Heyerman and all others outside of the court-room knew of what was going on inside was that if found guilty the court was voting first on the lowest penalty suggested, and then on the next lowest, and the next, until finally an agreement of some kind was reached. Then it was bundled off to Washington, to be approved or disapproved by the Secretary of the Navy and the President.

"Captain," said an able-bodied seaman to Heyerman, as the latter lay miserable and without covering on the sands in the damp of the evening on Roncador, "here is a blanket I saved from the wreck."

"Where is your own?" asked Heyerman.

"I don't need any," responded the man.

"Keep it, my good fellow," said Heyerman; "you need it quite as much as I;" and then, with a gentle gesture of refusal, he turned his head away and tried to sleep. He heard the roar of the breakers as they pounded on the wrecked *Kearsarge*, and sleep came not to him. This is the man who calmly faced his trial, but who, when he came to speak of the touching devotion of his men to himself, broke down and wept tears, manly tears, and could not keep them back.

Is it not of such stuff that true heroes are made? Is it going too far to say that, whatever may have been his error of judgment on one occasion, such a man is an honor to the uniform he wears? Is it going beyond bounds to express the hope that some day, not far distant, Admiral Gherardi may hand back his sword to him with warm personal congratulations?

A. F. MATTHEWS.

WALLACE MACFARLANE.

THE office of District Attorney, to which the President has appointed Mr. Wallace Macfarlane, under the existing conditions of the government's business, is the most important Federal office in this city. Mr. Mitchell's term expired in February, but Mr. Cleveland has been considering for a long time the names of a number of lawyers who were recommended and urged for the place. Naturally the politicians regarded the office and its patronage as a prize and a reward for party services. Tammany, anti-snappers, and the traders between the lines all had candidates. The names of applicants and candidates are of well-known lawyers. Magrane Cox, Nelson Smith, Francis M. Scott, and John D. Kernan were oftenest mentioned in the newspapers. For some time it was supposed that the President would appoint either Mr. Scott or Mr. Kernan. Mr. Macfarlane's name was long mentioned and considered. From the first he was the favorite of the anti-snappers, but as Mr. Cleveland did not seem inclined to follow the advice of the leaders of that organization, Mr. Macfarlane was not pressed, although the President more than once indicated that he had him in mind.

Mr. Macfarlane is young, but he is one of the best-known men of his years at the New York bar. He is well known in politics too, and has been active in more than one campaign. He is a graduate of Harvard. He came to New York in 1879, and was admitted to the bar in 1881. In 1884 he was associated with the late Mr. C. P. Miller and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham in the investigation of the city departments made by the Roosevelt committee.

He was one of the early members of the Reform Club, and is now one of its board of trustees and the chairman of the leading committee—that on tariff reform. He was interested in the anti-snapper movement, and more recently conducted the campaign on behalf of the Reform Club for Mr. Isidor Straus.

Although his political record is such as would commend him to any Democrat who believes in Democratic principles, politics had probably less than its usual influence in determining Mr. Macfarlane's selection for the office of District Attorney. The considerations that led to the determination of the President were entirely professional. Nearly a year ago, when it was determined to investigate the administration of the custom-house, Mr. Fairchild declined to be one of the commissioners, and was only persuaded to undertake the onerous task when Mr. Macfarlane was named as one of the commissioners, and practically the counsel of the body. His conduct of the investigation won him the respect of his associates and the esteem of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The principal work of the United States District Attorney is the administration and enforcement of customs laws. In one class of cases alone now pending—the hat-trimming cases—the enormous sum of $55,000,000 is involved. It was to protect the government's interests in these and similar cases that Mr. Carlisle urged the President to appoint Mr. Macfarlane.

Mr. Macfarlane was also the choice of the Attorney-General, who believed, from what he had heard from Mr. Macfarlane's associates at the bar, that he was a very successful and able trial lawyer, and that he was the best man for the office, because an older lawyer of Mr. Macfarlane's capacity and attainments would not bestow the time and attention on the government business that will be given by Mr. Macfarlane, who is an exceptionally conscientious and industrious man. The objection that Mr. Macfarlane has had no experience in criminal law has been true of every United States District Attorney for a generation back. Criminal causes constitute a small and comparatively unimportant part of the business of the office, and are usually attended to by an assistant. For the transaction of the most important part of the government's business Mr. Macfarlane is especially well fitted, and the President has made no better appointment to any office. Mr. Macfarlane will be confirmed, unless Senator Hill makes the attempt to induce the Senate to refuse to confirm any appointee from New York who favored the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and succeeds in his effort. The complete answer to such an attempt in this instance is that the Secretary of the Treasury rightly regards Mr. Macfarlane's appointment as important for the defence of the government against demands aggregating a larger sum than he recently obtained from the sale of bonds, and because the head of the Department of Justice justly looks upon him as the best lawyer in the city who is available. Failure to confirm Mr. Macfarlane would be an outrageous subordination of the public interests to factional and personal politics.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE NEW BUILDINGS AT YALE.

THE "Old Brick Row" extended from Chapel Street towards Elm Street, almost the entire length of the Yale campus, until a little more than a score of years ago, when Farnam Hall, Durfee Hall, and the Battell Chapel arose at the corner of Elm and College streets. At that time it became necessary to tear down the northernmost dormitory; and again within the past year "Old South" and the Athenæum have been removed to make room for Vanderbilt Hall. The oldest dormitory, called South Middle, still bravely holds its position, together with four of its companions, the Lyceum, North Middle College, the Old Chapel, and North College; and among the unnumbered benefits conferred by these serviceable structures must be reckoned a slight inconvenience—that they have prevented one from gaining a general view of the Quadrangle by which they are now finally enclosed.

The drawing reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY shows the splendid new buildings as well, perhaps, as may be from a single near point, although it should be added that this drawing does not include the buildings of the Medical School, the Observatory, and the Law School, which are at a distance from the central group and from each other.

In one sense the new Quadrangle, replacing the Old Brick Row, may be said to be a very substantial expression of the progress and prosperity of the university. But those who know the story of its evolution through two centuries, and out of the collegiate school that was founded, "after a fashion, along the north shore of Long Island Sound," will find the truest evidence of prosperity and progress in its constant and present adherence to certain leading principles that are very ably and appreciatively discussed by Professor Hadley in the April number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE; for surely the most substantial possession that a university can have is a legacy of noble traditions, and the inveterate preference for principle above all motives or suggestions of mere expediency.

MARRION WILCOX.

A DIPLOMATIC MARRIAGE.

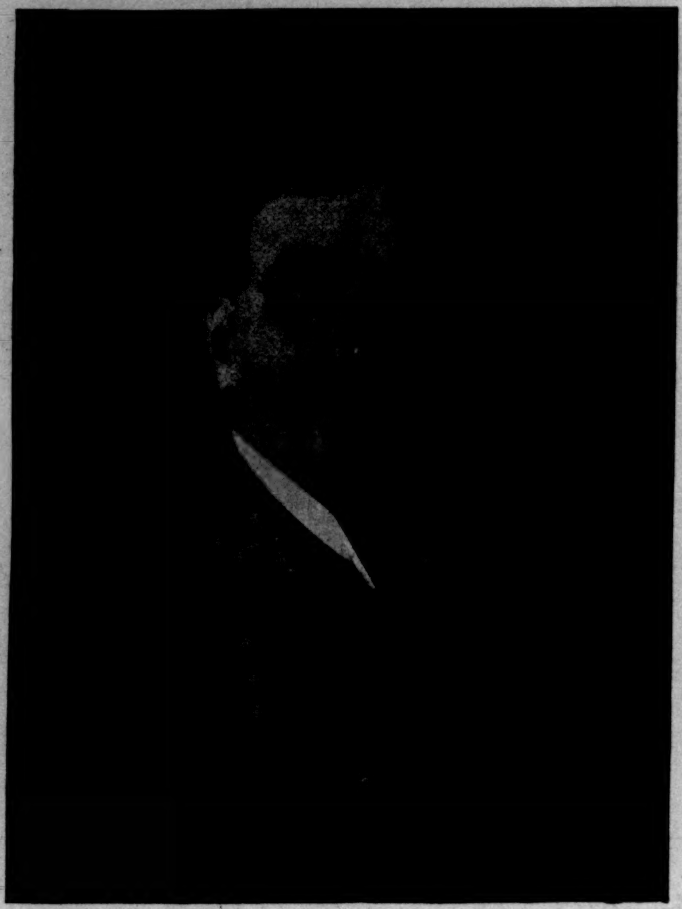
THE marriage in Philadelphia, on the 27th of March, of M. Jules Patenôtre, the French Ambassador, to Miss Eleanor Elverson, was the event of the season in diplomatic circles. In deference to the wishes of both the groom and his *fiancée*, the ceremony was as simple and unostentatious as possible, and took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James Elverson, of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

Cardinal Gibbons officiated, assisted by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, the witnesses for the groom being the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and the Russian Ambassador, Prince Cantacuzene, while the bride's witnesses were Hon. Edwin Stuart, Mayor of Philadelphia, and her brother. The ceremony was witnessed by a few immediate relatives and friends, and the members of the French Embassy, M. de Commines de Marseilly, M. Depret, M. de Grandprey, M. Bruwaert, French Consul at Chicago, and M. Thiebaut, representing the French Consul-General at New York. After a wedding luncheon, M. Patenôtre and his bride left for a honeymoon trip, probably through the West, although their journeyings and ultimate destination are veiled in pleasant mystery.

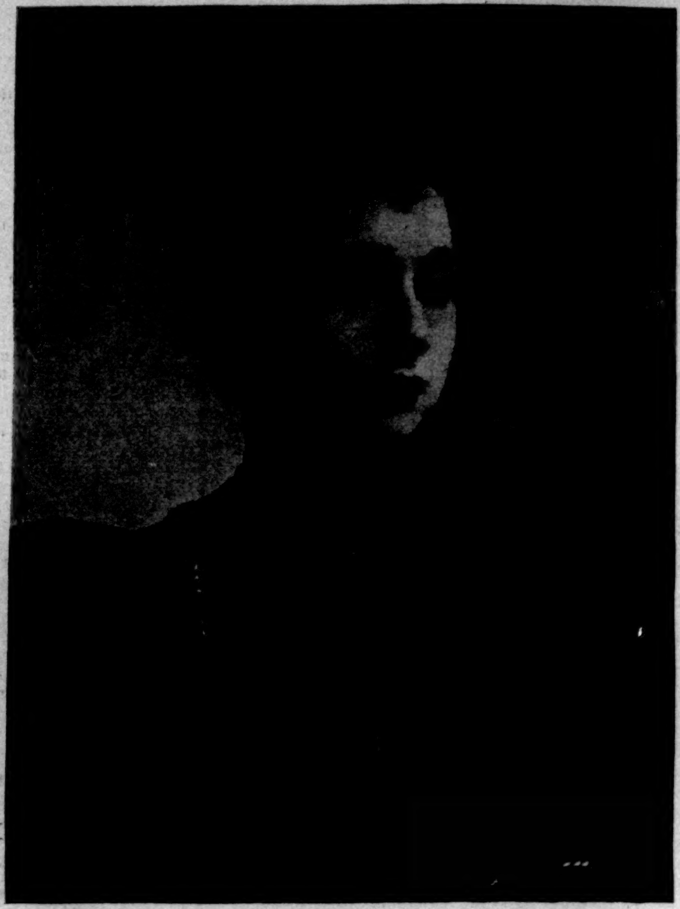
The new Ambassadress is a very attractive woman, tall, fair, with earnest blue eyes, and an expression of singular sweetness and strength of character. Madame Patenôtre will bring many accomplishments to grace her new position, as she is not only a woman of cultivation and refinement, but a gifted musician, as well as a linguist of exceptional ability, speaking French with the perfection of a Parisian. The groom, as the diplomatic representative of France, has obtained a wide popularity in official and social circles during his three years' residence in Washington. Personally, M. Patenôtre is an exceptionally handsome man, of fine bearing, and an elegance and suavity of manner inherently French; a clever *raconteur*, a good linguist, a cosmopolitan traveller, and a diplomatist of marked distinction. During twenty-two years of diplomatic service, M. Patenôtre has had a varied and interesting career, which began in 1872, when M. de Rémusat, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, made him Secretary of Legation at Athens.

From Greece, M. Patenôtre was sent to Persia, where he travelled extensively, and was then transferred to the Rio de la Plata; following two years' service in Buenos Ayres, another change carried him to the antipodes on his first mission to China. *En route* M. Patenôtre visited India, Burmah, and Siam, and after a two years' residence in Pekin, completed the circuit of the globe by returning to France *viâ* the United States. A short term in the Home Foreign Office was succeeded by the gift of the Swedish mission, during which service M. Patenôtre added to his long list of explorations the picturesque and romantic country of the Scandinavian peninsula. In 1884 he was intrusted with the negotiation of the Treaty of Hué, establishing the conditions of the French protectorate over Anam, which important mission had scarcely been completed when the war broke out between France and China. M. Patenôtre was at once sent to join Admiral Courbet, then in command of the French naval forces in Chinese waters, and after weeks of patient negotiation with the famous Viceroy Ly Hon Tchang, signed the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, which terminated the Tonquin war.

Returning to France on leave of absence, M. Patenôtre was later accredited to the court of the Emperor of Morocco, on which expedition the Minister had attached to his personal staff Aime Morot, the artist, and the famous *Immortel* Pierre Loti, the latter eventually embodying their adventures in his charming book *Into Morocco*.



JULES PATENÔTRE.
From the Painting by Benjamin Constant.



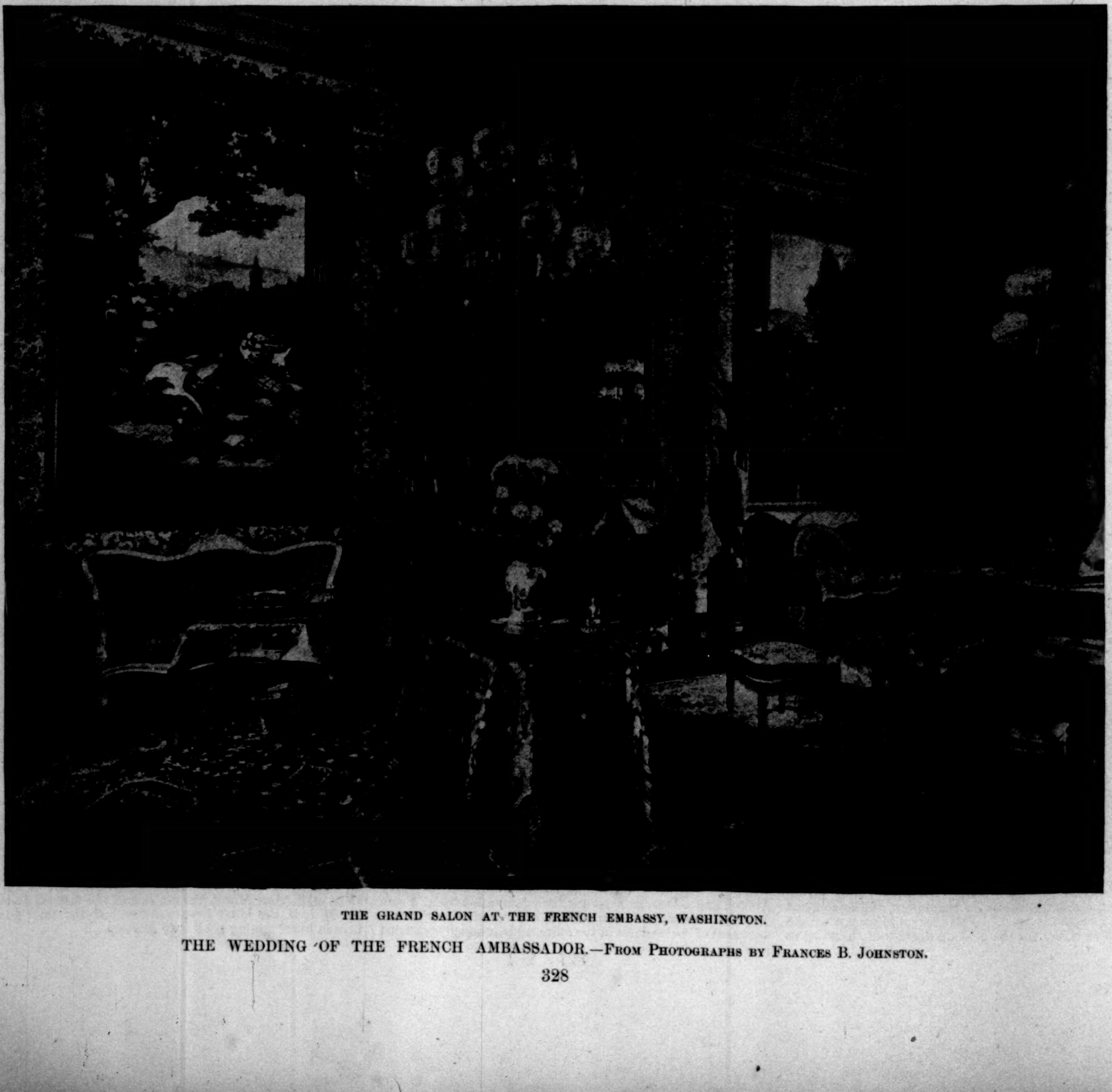
MRS. JULES PATENÔTRE,
Formerly Miss Eleanor Elverson.

In December, 1891, M. Patenôtre presented his credentials as Minister to the United States; and in March, 1893, received further high distinction at the hands of his government by his elevation to the rank of Ambassador.

A charming woman presiding over the French Embassy—without reflection upon its former hospitalities—will be a welcome change, as by a curious fate it has housed in recent years a long succession of bachelor ministers. The present embassy is pleasantly established in the spacious old-fashioned residence of the late Admiral Porter—a house famous thirty years ago as the British Legation during the service of Lord Lyons. M. Patenôtre in his travels has gathered an unusually fine collection of Oriental hangings, tapestries, and curios, which give richness of color and artistic detail to the salons of the embassy. To these the French government has recently added three magnificent panels of Beauvais tapestry and some Royal Sèvres vases from the French exhibit at Chicago.

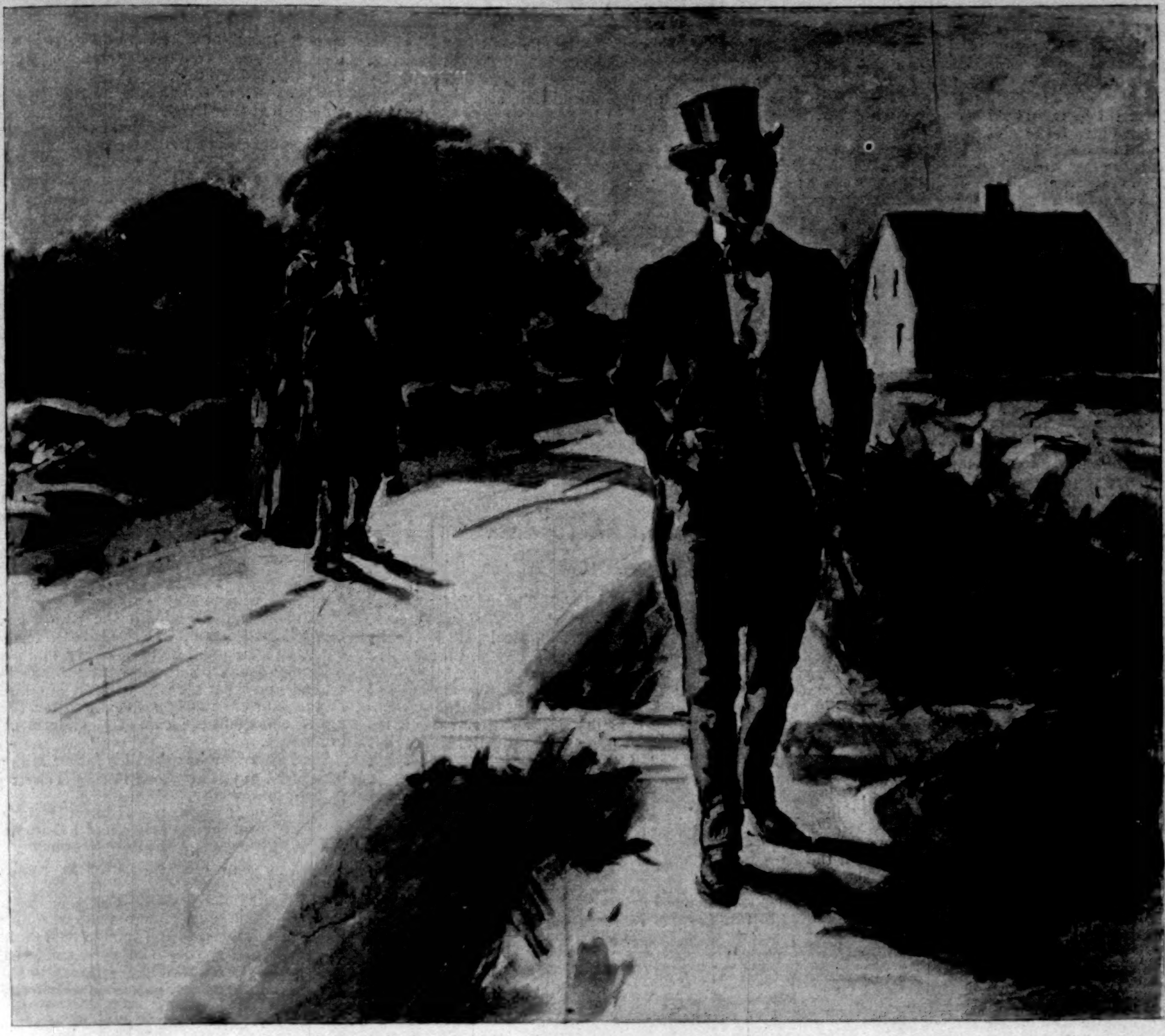
The duration of the tour of the Ambassador and his bride is not announced, but after their return to Washington, and later in the season, they will go to Clifton, Mr. Elverson's country house, which is one of the most beautiful suburban residences of the capital.

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.



THE GRAND SALON AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON.

THE WEDDING OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES B. JOHNSTON.



PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Richard Alger went home he wore an old brown shawl of Sylvia's over his shoulders. He had demurred a little. "I can't go down the street with your shawl on, Sylvia," he had pleaded; but Sylvia insisted.

"You'll catch your death of cold, goin' home in your shirt sleeves," she said. "They won't know it's my shawl. Men wear shawls."

"You've worn this ever since I've known you, Sylvia, an' I ain't given to catchin' cold easy," said Richard, almost pitifully. But he stood still and let Sylvia pin the shawl around his neck. Sylvia seemed to have suddenly acquired a curious maternal authority over him, and he submitted as if it were merely natural that he should.

Richard Alger went meekly down the road, wearing the old brown shawl that had often draped Sylvia Crane's slender feminine shoulders when she walked abroad since she was a young girl. Sylvia had always worn it cornerwise, but she had folded it square for him, as making it more of a masculine garment. Two corners waved out stiffly from his square shoulders. He tried to swing his arms unconcernedly under it; once the fringe hit his hand, and he jumped.

He was shamefaced when he struck out into the main road, but he did not dream of taking off the shawl. A very passion of obedience and loyalty to Sylvia had taken possession of him. With every submission after long persistency there is a strong reverse action, as from the sudden cessation of any motion. Richard now yielded in more marked measure than he had opposed. He had borne with his whimsical will against all his sweetheart's dearest wishes during the better part of her life; now he would wear any insignia of bondage, if she bade him.

He had gone a short distance on the main road when he met Hannah Berry. She was hurrying along, her face quite red, and he could hear her pant as she drew near. She looked at him sharply; she fairly narrowed her eyes over the shawl. "Good-mornin," said she.

Richard said good-morning gruffly. The shawl blew out against Hannah's shoulder as she passed him. She turned about and stared after him, and he knew it. He went on with dogged chin in the folds of the shawl.

Hannah Berry hurried along to Sylvia Crane's. When she opened the door, Sylvia was just coming out of the parlor, and the two sisters met in the entry with a kind of shock.

"Oh, 'tis you," murmured Sylvia. Sylvia cast down her eyes before her sister. She tried not to smile. Her hair was tumbled, and there were red spots on her cheeks.

"Has he been here all this time?" demanded Hannah.

"He's just gone."

"I met him out here. What in creation did you rig him up in your old shawl for, Sylvy Crane?"

"He was in his shirt sleeves, an' I wasn't goin' to have him catch his death of cold," replied Sylvia, with dignity.

"In his shirt sleeves!"

"Yes; he run out just as he was."

"Land sakes!" said Hannah. The two women looked at each other. Suddenly Hannah threw out her arms from under her shawl and clasped Sylvia. "Oh, Sylvy," she sobbed out, "to think you was settin' out for the poorhouse this mornin', an' we havin' a weddin' last night, an' never knowin' it! Why didn't you say anything about it; why didn't you, Sylvy?"

"I knew you couldn't do anything, Hannah."

"Knew I couldn't do anything! Do you suppose me or Sarah would have let all the sister we've got go to the poorhouse whilst we had a roof over our heads? We'd took you right in, either one of us."

"I was afraid Silas an' Cephas wouldn't be willin'."

"I guess they'd had to be willin'. I told Silas just now that if Richard Alger didn't come forward like a man, you was comin' to my house, an' have the best we've got as long as you lived. Silas he said he thought you'd ought to earn your own livin', an' I told him there wa'n't any chance for a woman like you to earn your livin' in Pembroke—that you could earn your livin' enough livin' at your own sister's. Oh, Sylvy, I can't stand it, when I think of your startin' out that way, an' never sayin' a word!" Hannah sobbed convulsively on her sister's shoulder.

There were tears in Sylvia's eyes, but her face above her sister's head was radiant. "Don't, Hannah," she said. "It's all over now, you know."

"Is he—goin' to have you now—Sylvy?"

"I guess so, maybe," said Sylvia.

"I suppose you'll go to his house, this is so run down."

"He's goin' to fix this one up."

"You think you'd rather live here, then? Well, I s'pose I should. I s'pose he's goin' to buy it. The town hadn't ought to ask much. Sylvy Crane, I can't get it through my head, nohow."

"What?" said Sylvia.

"How you run out this nice place so quick. I thought, an' Sarah thought, you'd got enough to last you jest as long as you lived, an' have some left to leave then."

Hannah stood back and looked at her sister sharply.

"I've always been as savin' as I knew how," said Sylvia.

"Well, I dun'no' but you have. You got that sofa; that cost considerable. I shouldn't have thought you'd got that if you'd known how things were, Sylvy."

"I kinder felt as if I needed it."

"Well, I guess you might have got along without that, anyhow. Richard's got one, 'ain't he?"

"Yes, he says he has."

"I thought I remembered his mother's buyin' one just before his father died. Well, you'll have his sofa, then; if I remember right, it's a better one than yours that you give Rose. Now, Sylvy Crane, you jest put on your hood an' shawl, an' come home with me, an' have some dinner. Have you got anything in the house to eat?"

"I've got a few things," replied Sylvia, evasively.

"What?"

"Some potatoes an' apples."

"Potatoes an' apples!" Hannah began to sob again. "To think of your comin' to this!" she wailed. "My own sister not havin' anything in the house to eat, an' settin' out for the poorhouse, an' everybody in town knowin' it!"

"Don't feel bad about it, Hannah; it's all over now," said Sylvia.

"Don't feel bad about it! I guess you'd feel bad about it if you was in my place," returned Hannah. "I s'pose you think now you've got Richard Alger that there's nothin' else makes any odds. I guess I've got some feelin's. Get your hood and shawl—now do; dinner was all ready when I come away."

"I guess I'd better not, Hannah," said Sylvia. It seemed to her that she never would want anything to eat again. She wanted to be alone in her old house and hug her happiness to her heart, whose starvation had caused her more agony than any other. Now that was appeased, she cared for nothing else.

"You come right along," said Hannah. "I've got a nice roast sparerib an' turnip an' squash, an' you're goin' to come an' have some of it."

When Hannah and Sylvia got out on the main road they heard Sarah Barnard's voice calling them. She was hurrying down the hill. Cephas had just come home with the news. Jonathan Leavitt had spread it over the village from the nucleus of the store, where he had stopped on his way home.

Sarah Barnard sat down on the snowy stone wall among the last year's blackberry vines, and cried as if her heart would break. Finally Hannah, after joining with her a while, turned to and comforted her.

"Land sake! don't take on so, Sarah Barnard," said she. "It's all over now. Sylvy's goin' to marry Richard Alger, an' there ain't a man in Pembroke any better off, unless it's Squire Payne. She's goin' to have him right off, an' he's goin' to buy the house an' fix it up, an' she's goin' to have all his mother's nice things, an' she's comin' home with me now, an' have some nice roast sparerib an' turnip. There 'ain't nothin' to take on about."

Hannah fairly pulled Sarah off the stone wall. "Sylvy an' me have got to go," said she. "You come down this afternoon, an' we'll all go over to her house an' talk it over. I s'pose Richard will come to-night. I hope he'll shave first, an' put on his coat. I never see such a lookin' sight as he was when I met him jest now."

"I didn't see as he looked very bad," said Sylvia, with dignity.

"It seems as if it would kill me jest to think of it," sobbed Sarah Barnard, turning tremulously away.

"Don't you feel bad about it any longer, Sarah," Sylvia said, half absently. Her hair blew out wildly from under her hood over her flushed cheeks; she smiled as if at something visible, past her sister, and past everything around her.

"I tell you there ain't nothin' to be killed about!" Hannah called after Sarah. She caught hold of Sylvia's arm. "Sarah always was kind of hystericky," said she. "That sparerib will be all dried up, an' I wouldn't give a cent for it, if you don't come along."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.

Richard Alger and Sylvia Crane were married very soon. There was no wedding, and people were disappointed about that. Hannah Berry tried to persuade Sylvia to have one. "I'm willing to make the cake," said she. "I've jest been through one weddin', but I'll do it. If I'd been goin' with a fellar as long as you have him, I wouldn't get cheated out of a weddin' anyhow. I'd have a weddin', an' I'd have cake, an' I'd ask folks, especially after what's happened. I'd let 'em see I wa'n't quite so far gone, if I had set out for the poorhouse once. I'd have a weddin'. Richard's got money enough. I had real good luck with Rose's cake, an' I ain't afraid to try yours. I guess I should make it a little mite stiffer than I did hers."

But Sylvia was obdurate. She did not say much, but she went her own way. She had gained a certain quiet decision and dignity which bewildered everybody. Her sisters had dimly realized that there was something about her out of plumb, as it were. Her nature had been warped to one side by one concentrated and unsatisfied desire.

"Seems to me sometimes as if Sylvy was kind of queer," Hannah Berry often said.

"I dun'no' but she's kinder turned on Richard Alger," Sarah would respond.

Now she seemed suddenly to have regained her equilibrium, and no longer slanted doubtfully across her sisters' mental horizons.

She and Richard went to the minister's house early one Sabbath morning, and were married. Then they went to meeting, Sylvia on Richard's arm. They sat side by side in the Alger pew. It was on the opposite side of the meeting-house from Sylvia's old pew. It seemed to her as if she would see her old self sitting there alone, as of old, if she had glanced across. She fixed her eyes straight ahead, and never glanced at Richard by her side. She held her white-bonneted head up like some gentle flower which had sprung back to itself after a hard wind. She had a new white bridal bonnet, as Richard had wished; it was trimmed with white plumes and ribbons, and she wore a long white worked veil over her face. The wrought net-work, as delicate as frost, softened all the hard lines and fixed tints, and gave to her face an illusion of girlhood. She wore the two curls over her cheeks. Richard had asked her why she didn't curl her hair, as she used to do.

All the people saw Sylvia's white bonnet; it seemed to turn their eyes like a brilliant white spot which reflected all the light in the meeting-house. But there were a few women who eyed more sharply Sylvia's wedding-gown and mantilla, for she wore the very ones which poor Charlotte Barnard had made ready for her own bridal. Sylvia was just about her niece's height; the gown had needed a little taking in to fit her thinner form, and that was all.

Charlotte's mother had brought them over to Sylvia's one night, all nicely folded in white linen towels.

"Charlotte wants you to have 'em; she says she won't ever need 'em, poor child," she said, in response to Sylvia's remonstrances. Mrs. Barnard's eyes were red, as if she had been crying. It had apparently been harder for her to give up the poor slighted wedding-clothes than for her daughter. Charlotte had not shed a tear when she took them out of the chest and shook off the sprigs of lavender which she had laid over them; but it seemed to her that she could smell that faint elusive breath of lavender across the meeting-house when Sylvia came in, and the rustle of her bridal gown was as loud in her ears as if she herself wore it.

"Somebody might just as well have them, and have some good of them," she had told her mother, and she spoke as if they were the garments of some one who was dead.

"Seems to me, as much as they cost, you'd ought to wear 'em yourself," said her mother.

"I never shall," Charlotte said, firmly. "And they might just as well do somebody good." Charlotte's New England thrift and practical sense stretched her sentiment on the rack, and she never made a sound.

Barney, watching out from his window that Sunday, caught a flash of green and purple from Sylvia's silken skirt as she turned the corner of the old road with Richard. "She's got on Charlotte's wedding-dress! She's—given it to her," he said, with a gasp. He had never forgotten it since the day Charlotte had shown it to him. He had pictured her in it hundreds of times, to his own delight and torment. He had a fierce impulse to rush out and strip his Charlotte's wedding-clothes from this other bride's back.

"She's gone and given it away, and she hasn't got a good silk dress herself, and she's wearing her old cloak to meeting," he half sobbed to himself. He wondered, piteously, thinking of his savings and of his property since his father's death, if he might not at least buy Charlotte a new silk dress and a mantilla. "I don't believe she'd be mad," he said, "but I'm afraid her father wouldn't let her wear it."

The more he thought of it, the more it seemed as if he could not bear it, unless he could buy Charlotte the silk dress. "Her clothes ain't as good as mine," he said; and he thought of his best blue broadcloth suit, and his flowered vest and silk hat. It seemed to him that with all the terrible injury he was doing Charlotte he also injured her by having better clothes than she, and that that was something which might be set right.

As Barney sat by his window that Sunday afternoon, he saw a man coming down the hill. He watched him idly, then his heart leaped, and he leaned forward. The man advanced with a careless, stately swing; his head was thrown back; his mulberry-colored coat had a sheen like a leaf in the sun. The man was Thomas Payne. Barney turned white as he watched him. He had not known he was in town, and his jealous heart at once whispered that he had come to see Charlotte. Thomas Payne came opposite the house, then passed out of sight. Barney sat with eyes full of miserable questioning staring upon the road. Had he been to see Charlotte? he speculated. He had come from that direction; but Barney remembered, with a sigh of hope, that Squire Payne had a sister, an old maiden lady, who lived a half-mile beyond Charlotte. Perhaps Thomas Payne had been to see his aunt.

All the rest of the day Barney was in an agony of doubt and unrest over the unsettled question. He had been living lately in a sort of wretched peace of remorse and misery; now it was rudely shaken. He walked the floor at night; he could not sleep. He seemed to be in a very torture-chamber of his own making, and the tortures were worse than any enemies could have devised. Suppose Thomas Payne was sitting up with Charlotte this Sunday night? Once he thought, wildly, of going up the hill to see if there was a light in her parlor, but it seemed to him as if the doubt was more endurable than the certainty might be. Suppose Thomas Payne was sitting up with Charlotte? He called to mind all her sweet ways; suppose she was looking and speaking to Thomas Payne in this way or that way? His imagination threw out pictures before him upon which he could not close his eyes. He saw Thomas Payne's face all glowing with triumph; he saw Charlotte's with the old look that she had worn for him. Charlotte's caresses had been few and maidenly; they all came into his mind like stings. He knew just how she would put her tender arm around this other man's neck, how she would lift grave willing lips to his. He wished that they had never been for him, for all they seemed worth to him now was this bitter knowledge. His fancy led him on and on to his own torment. There was a bridal mist around Charlotte; he followed the old courses of his own dreams after his memories were passed, and they caused him worse agony.

The next morning Barney went to the store. It was absolutely necessary for him to go; but he shunned everybody. He had a horrible fear lest somebody should say, "Hullo, Barney! know Thomas Payne's goin' to marry your old girl?" He had planned the very words, and the leer of sly exultation that would accompany them.

But he made his purchase and went out, and nobody spoke to him. He had not seen Thomas Payne in the back part of the store, behind the stove. Presently Thomas got up and lounged leisurely out through the store, exchanging a word with one and another on his way. When he got out, Barney was going down the road quite a way ahead of him. Thomas Payne kept on in his tracks. There was another man coming toward him, and presently he stood aside to let him pass.

"Good-day, Royal," said Thomas Payne.

"Good-day, Thomas," returned the other. "When d'ye get home?"

"Day before yesterday. How are you this winter, Royal?"

"Well, I'm pretty fair to middlin'." The man's face, sunken in his feeble chest far below the level of Thomas's eyes, looked up at him with a sort of whimsical patience. His back was bent like a bow; he had had curvature of the spine for years, from a fall when a young man.

"Glad to hear that," returned Thomas. The man passed him, walking as if he were vainly trying to straighten himself at every step. He held his knees stiff and threw his elbows back, but his back still curved pitifully, although it seemed as if he were half cheating himself into the belief that he was walking as straight as other men.

Thomas walked on rapidly, lessening the distance between himself and Barney. As he went on, he began to have a curious fancy which he could hardly persuade himself was a fancy. It seemed to him that Barney Thayer was walking like the man whom he had just met—that his back had that same terrible curve.

Thomas Payne stared in strange bewilderment at Barney's back. "It can't be that he has spine-disease, that he has got hurt in any way," he thought to himself. The purpose with which he had started out rather paled in his mind. He walked more rapidly. It certainly seemed to him that Barney's back was bent. He got within hailing distance and called out.

"Hallo!" cried Thomas Payne.

Barney turned around, and it seemed as if he turned with the feeble crooked motion of the other man. He saw Thomas Payne, and his face was ghastly white, but he stood still and waited.

"How are you?" Thomas said, gruffly, as he came up.

"How are you, Thomas?" returned Barney. He looked at Thomas with a dogged expectancy. He thought he was going to tell him that he was to marry Charlotte.

But Thomas was surveying him still in that strange bewilderment. "Look here, Barney," said he, bluntly, "have you been sick? I haven't heard of it."

"No, I haven't," replied Barney, wonderingly.

Thomas's eyes were fixed upon his back. "I didn't know but you had got hurt, or something," said he.

Barney shook his head. Thomas thought to himself that his back was certainly curved. "I guess I'll walk along with you a little way," said he. "I've got something I wanted to say. For God's sake, Barney, you are sick!"

"No, I ain't sick."

"You are white as death."

"There's nothing the matter with me," Barney half gasped. He turned and walked on, and his back still bent like a bow to Thomas Payne's eyes.

Thomas went on silently until they had passed a house just beyond. Then he stopped again. "Look here, Barney," said he.

"Well?" said Barney. He stopped, but he did not turn or face Thomas. He only presented to him that curved or semblance of a curved back.

"I want to speak to you about Charlotte Barnard," said Thomas Payne, abruptly. Barney waited without a word. "I suppose you'll think it's none of my business, and in one way it isn't," said Thomas, "but I am going to say it for her sake; I have made up my mind to. It seems to me it's time, if anybody cares anything about her. What are you treating Charlotte Barnard so for, Barnabas Thayer? It's time you gave an account to somebody, and you can give it to me."

Barney did not answer.

"Speak, you miserable coward!" shouted Thomas Payne, with a sudden threatening motion of his right arm.

Then Barney turned, and Thomas started back at the sight of his face. "I can't help it," he said.

"Can't help it, you—"

"I can't, before God, Thomas."

"Why not?"

Barney raised his right hand and pointed past Thomas. "You—met—Royal Bennet, just—now," he gasped, hoarsely.

Thomas nodded.

"You—saw—his—back?"

"Yes."

"Well, something like that ails me. I—can't help it—before God."

"You don't mean—" Thomas said, and stopped, looking at Barney's back.

"I mean that's why I can't—help it."

"Have you hurt your back?" Thomas asked, in a subdued tone.

"I've hurt my soul," said Barney. "It happened that Sunday night years ago. I—can't get over it. I am bent like his back."

"I should think you'd better get over it, then, if that's all," Thomas Payne said, roughly.

"I—can't, any more than he can."

"Do you mean your back's hurt? For God's sake, talk sense, Barney," Thomas cried out, in bewilderment.

"It's more than my back; it's me."

Thomas stared at Barney; a horror as of something uncanny and abnormal stole over him. Was the man's back curved, or had he by some subtle vision a perception of some terrible spiritual deformity, only symbolized by a curved spine? In a minute he gave an impatient stamp, and tried to shake himself free from the vague pity and horror which the other had aroused.

"Do you know that you are ruining the life of the best woman that ever lived?" he demanded, fiercely.

Barney looked at him, and suddenly there was a flash of something noble in his face.

"Look here, Thomas," he said, brokenly, in hoarse gasps. "Last night I—went mad, almost, because—I thought—maybe you'd been to see—her. I—saw you coming down the hill. I thought—I'd die thinking of—you—with her. I can't tell you—what I've been through, what I've suffered, and—what I suffer right along. I know I ain't to be pitied. I know—there ain't any pity—anywhere for anything—like this. I don't pity—myself. But it's awful. If you could get a sight of it you'd know."

Again to Thomas Payne, looking at the other, it was as if he saw a pale agonized face staring up at him from the midst of a curved mass of deformity. He shuddered.

"I don't know what to make of you, Barney Thayer," he said, looking away.

"There's one thing—I want to say," Barney went on. "I think there's enough of a man left in me—I—think I've got strength enough to say it. She—ought to be happy. I don't want her—wasting her whole life—God knows—I don't—no matter what it does—to me. I—wish— See here, Thomas. I know you—like her. Maybe she'll—turn to you. It seems as if she must. I hope you will— Oh, for God's sake, be—good to her, Thomas!"

Thomas Payne's face was as white as Barney's. He turned to go. "There's no use talking this way. You know Charlotte Barnard as well as I do," he said. "You know she's one of the women that never love any man but one. I don't want another man's wife, if she'd have me." Suddenly he faced Barney again. "For God's sake, Barney," he cried out, "be a man and go back to her, and marry her!"

Barney shook his head; with a kind of a sob he turned around and went his way without another word. Thomas Payne said no more; he stared after Barney's retreating figure, and again the look of bewilderment and horror was in his face.

That afternoon he asked his father, with a casual air, if he had heard anything about Barney Thayer getting his back injured in any way.

"Why, no, I can't say as I have," returned the Squire.

"I saw him this morning, and I thought his back looked as if it was growing like Royal Bennet's. I dare say I imagined it," said Thomas. Then he went out of the room whistling.

But during his few weeks' stay in Pembroke he put the same question to one and another, with varying results. Some said at once, with a sudden look of vague horror, that it was so; that Barney Thayer was indeed growing deformed; that they had noticed it. Others scouted the idea. "Saw him this morning, and he's as straight as he ever was," they said.

Whether Barney Thayer's back was indeed bowed into that terrible spinal curve or not, Thomas Payne could not tell by any agreement of witnesses. If some gifted with acute spiritual insight really perceived that dreadful warping of a diseased will, and clothed it with a material image for their own grosser senses, or if Barney, through dwelling upon his own real but hidden infirmity, had actually come unconsciously to give it a physical expression, and walked at times through the village with his back bent like his spirit, although not diseased, Thomas Payne could only speculate. He finally began to adopt the latter belief, as he himself sometimes on meeting Barney thought that he walked as erect as he ever had.

Thomas Payne staid several weeks in Pembroke, and he did not go to see Charlotte. Once he met her in the street, and stopped and shook hands with gay heartiness.

"He's got over caring about me," Charlotte thought to herself, with a strange pang, which shocked and shamed her. "Most likely he's got somebody out West where he is." She said to herself firmly that she ought to be glad if he had, and that she was; and yet she was not, although she never owned it to herself, and was stanchly loyal to her old love.

Charlotte herself often fancied uneasily that Barney's back was growing like Royal Bennet's. She watched him furtively when she could. Then she would say to herself another time that she must have imagined it.

Thomas Payne went away the 1st of May. That evening Charlotte sat on the door-step in the soft spring twilight. Her mother had just come home from her sister Hannah Berry's.

"Thomas Payne went this afternoon," her mother said, standing before her.

"Did he?" said Charlotte.

"You might have had him if you hadn't stuck to a poor stick that ain't fit to tie your shoes up," Sarah cried out, with sudden bitterness. Her voice sounded like Hannah Berry's. Charlotte knew that was just what her aunt Hannah had said about it.

"I don't ask him to tie my shoes up," returned Charlotte.

"You can stan' up for him all you want to," said her mother. "You know he's a poor tool, an' he's treatin' you mean. You know he can't begin to come up to a young man like Thomas Payne."

"Thomas Payne don't want me, and I don't want him—don't talk any more about it, mother."

"I think somebody ought to talk about it," said her mother; and she pushed roughly past Charlotte into the house.

Charlotte sat on the door-step a long while. "If Thomas Payne has got anybody out West, I guess she'll be glad to see him," she thought. The fancy pained her, and yet she seemed to see Thomas Payne and Barney side by side, the one like a young prince, handsome and stately, full of generous bravery, the other vaguely crouching beneath some awful deformity, pitiful, yet despicable in the eyes of men, and her whole soul cleaved to her old lover. "What we've got is ours," she said to herself.

As she sat there a band of children went past with a shrill sweet clamor of voices. They were out hanging May baskets and bunches of anemones. That was the favorite sport of the village children during the month of May. The woods were full of soft, innocent, seeking faces, bending over the delicate bells nodding in the midst of whorls of dark leaves. Every evening, after sundown, there were mysterious bursts of laughter, and tiny scamperings around doors, and great balls of bloom swinging from the latches when they were opened, but no person in sight, only soft gurgles of mirth and delight sounded around a corner of darkness.

After Charlotte went to bed that night she thought she heard somebody at the south door. "It is the children with some May-flowers," she thought. But presently she reflected that it was very late for the children to be out.

After a little while she got up and stole down stairs to the

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door, feeling her way through the dark house. She opened the south door cautiously and put her hand out. There were no flowers swinging from the latch, as she half expected. Her bare feet touched something on the door-step. She stooped, and there was a great package. Charlotte took it up, and went noiselessly back to her room with it. She lighted a candle, and unfastened the paper wrappings. She gave a little cry. There were yards of beautiful silk, shimmering with lilac and silver, and rose-color, and there was also a fine lace mantle. Charlotte looked at them. She was quite pale, and trembling. She folded the silk and lace again carefully and put them in a chest out of sight. Then she went back to bed, and lay there crying wildly.

"Poor Barney, poor Barney," she sobbed to herself.

The next evening, after Cephas and Sarah had gone to bed, Charlotte crept out of the house with the package under her shawl. It was still early. She ran nearly all the way to Barney Thayer's house. She was afraid of meeting somebody, but she did not. She knocked softly on Barney's door, and heard him coming to open it at once. When he saw her standing there he gave a great start, but did not say anything. Charlotte thought he did not recognize her in the dusk.

"It's me, Barney," she said.

"I know you," said Barney.

She held out the package to him. "I've brought this back," said she.

Barney made no motion to take it from her.

"I can't take it," she said, firmly.

Suddenly Barney threw up his hands over his face. "Can't you take just that much from me, Charlotte? Can't you let me do as much as that for you?" he groaned out.

"No, I can't," said Charlotte. "You must take it back, Barney."

"Oh, Charlotte, can't you — take much from me?"

"I can take nothing from you, as things are," Charlotte replied.

"I wanted you to have a dress. I saw you had given the other away. I didn't think—there was any harm in buying it for you, Charlotte."

"It isn't your place to buy dresses for me, as things are," said Charlotte. She extended the package, and he took it, as if by force. She heard him sob.

"You must never try to do anything like this again," she said. "I want you to understand it, Barney."

Then she went away, and left him standing there holding his discarded gift.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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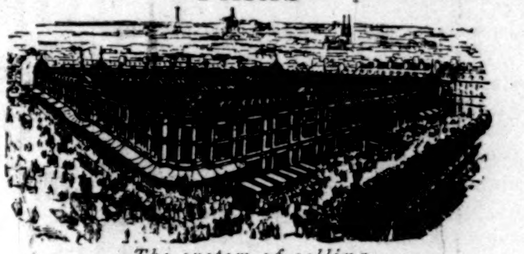

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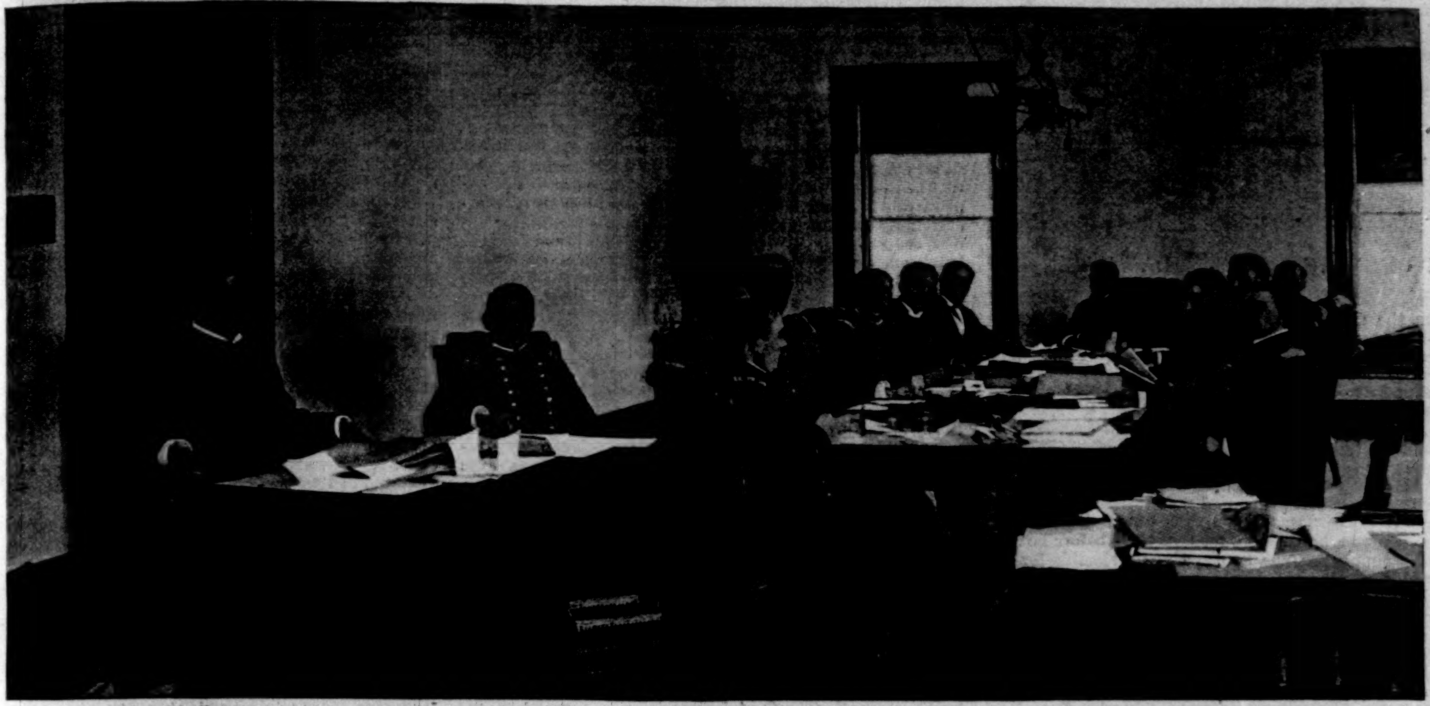


Commander Heyerman. Lieutenant-Commander Marix. Judge-Advocate J. D. J. Kelley. Commodore Carpenter.

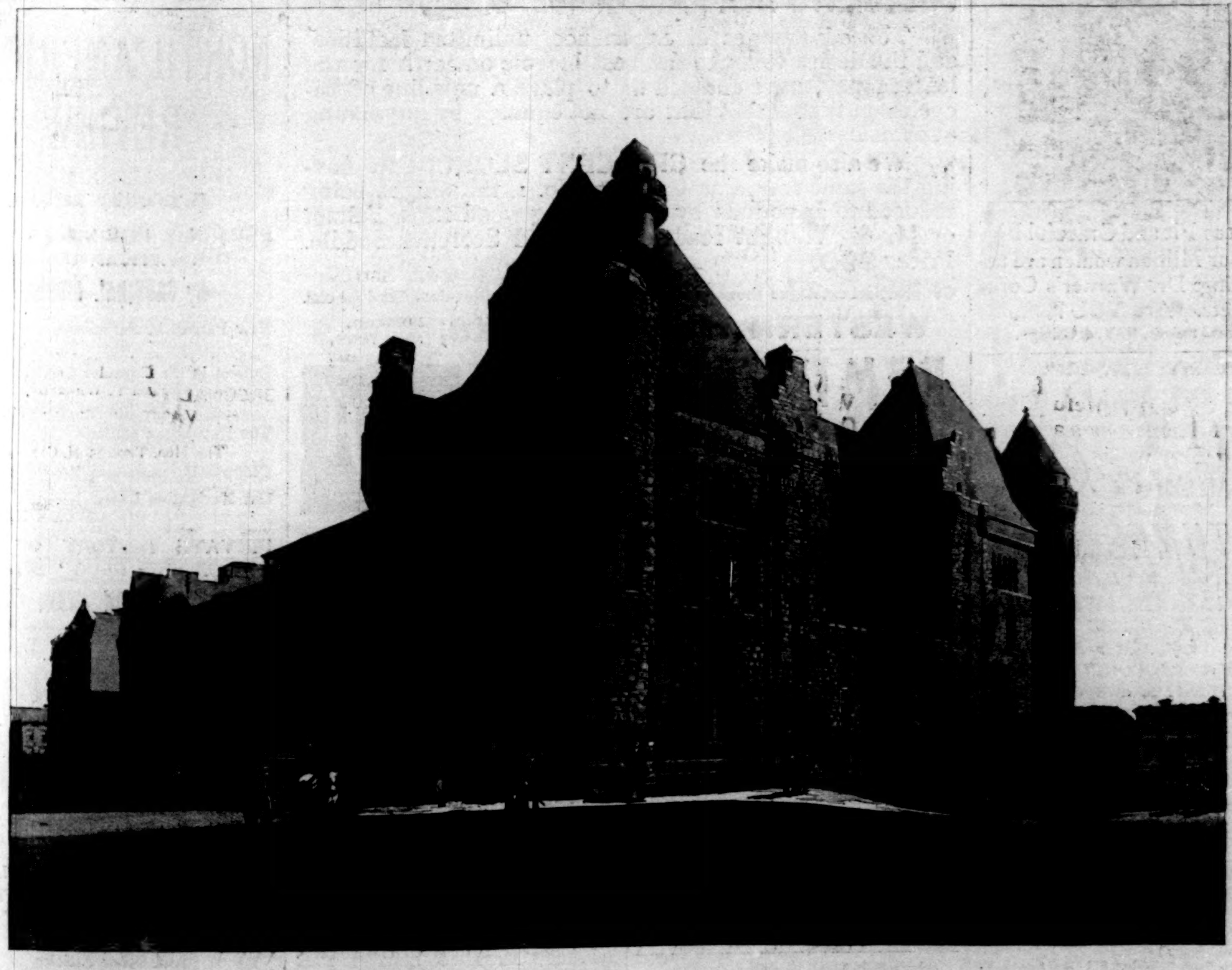
THE "KEARSARGE" COURT MARTIAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY.

AT the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fourth Avenue, just at the entrance of the tunnel, stands the Seventy-first Regiment Armory. Not only is it the home of this long-famous organization, but within its walls are the Brigade Headquarters, the Signal Corps (that has already shown how useful it can be at Buffalo), and the Second Battery. The huge stone building stretches along Fourth Avenue for 211 feet, and along the side streets for 253 feet. On the west side it rises to the height of five stories, and each corner is surmounted by a loop-holed turret, from which the approaching avenues could be swept by musketry in any direction. The sally-port for the regiment is on the north or Thirty-fourth Street side; the entrance for the Signal Corps is the same; but the Second Battery enters on Thirty-third, and occupies the ground or lower floor, which is cut off almost entirely from the floors above, the only means of communication being by a circuitous route through the engine-room. Entering from Thirty-third Street, you come upon a floor of solid concrete 196 feet long by 145 feet wide; this is slightly below the level of the street, and is the drill-space for the battery. Great iron arches spring across from east to west, and support the floor of the armory above. On the avenue side are the quarters for the officers and men, the lavatories, and magazines. There is plenty of room for drilling with horse and caisson on the floor, and "battery front" could be performed at a gallop. The wooden floor of the armory proper is 196 by 182 feet—no mean dimensions. It is surrounded by a gallery for spectators; above this are the company rooms, which are large and airy. The Signal Corps occupies the mezzanine floor at the west end of the building, where are also the officers' quarters and the headquarters of the brigade. On the fourth floor are the kitchens, store-rooms, and more apartments for commissioned officers, and under the steep roof is a huge loft for the commissariat.

The stairways are wide, and the corridors roomy and ample. One room is devoted to the purposes of a gymnasium—a most useful thing to have in connection with an armory. Down below on the ground-floor is the rifle-range, reached from the armory by a flight of spiral stairs. There are six different ranges, 185 feet long, well ventilated, and constructed so as to avoid the filling up with powder smoke. The building is just completed, and the regiment and battery took possession on the 31st of March. Everything suggests strength and practicability; there is no attempt at florid decoration, and the architect, Mr. John R. Thomas, has produced a building of which the city may well be proud.

The cost of such a building makes an interesting statement. The ground-plot cost $400,000; the building contract was for $350,000 (to which $3325 was afterward added), and the furnishing will cost $65,000 more. There will be no better-housed military organizations in the world than those that took possession last Saturday. The locality is perhaps the best in the city for quick mobilization of forces. J. B.



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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is at present in England in the interest of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *making a careful study of Amateur Sport in Great Britain. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department is supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

THE OPENING OF THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON.

UNDER the most favorable conditions, the lawn-tennis season—the fourteenth in the American history of the sport—opened last week at St. Augustine, Florida. The advent of a new national champion always provokes unusual enthusiasm and rivalry in any sport, and though such changes have been few and far between in lawn-tennis, the sport has proved no exception to this general rule. In fact, there is little doubt but that the apparent superiority of our national tennis champions over their rivals in other years has frequently discouraged competition. Sears, the first champion, held the title for seven years, and then retired undefeated; Slocum, his successor, was the only one on the list who fell, and he won the highest honors for two years before he succumbed to Campbell. The latter proved invincible for the necessary three years, and last August had the good sense to follow the example of Sears, and retired on his laurels.

Wrenn, whose name now heads the list of American lawn-tennis players, is a comparative new-comer in the field of experts, and being a young man and very erratic in his play, is not considered by any means invincible, as were his predecessors. Campbell's retirement, however, and the succession to the championship of a man who has been so often beaten by them, naturally encourages many of the experts who have struggled so many years for the much-coveted title, and to whom it has always seemed "so near and yet so far." Several, at least, who would not have done so had Campbell retained his title, will play again this season. To the new men—the rising generation of experts, from whose ranks the list of veterans must be filled within a few years—this change is also an encouraging one, for the success of one of their number naturally encourages the hopes which only smouldered so long as the championship was held by one of the veterans at the sport.

Much credence, however, has been given to a rumor this spring that Campbell would play again for the championship in August. This is doubtless founded upon the fact that he did take part in the Tropical Championship Tournament down South last week. His appearance there, however, and an attempt to regain the title he forfeited last summer, are two very different matters. Campbell had won the handsome trophy emblematic of the Tropical championship twice before this year, and a third victory would make it his personal property. At this season of the year, before any of the experts have had an opportunity to practise much if any, all are on about even terms. Campbell, therefore, had as good a chance for success as any of the others; but at Newport, in August, it would be a very different matter.

The National Singles Championship Tournament is the Derby of the lawn-tennis expert. Like all good Moslems, he turns his footsteps Eastward, after a short preliminary practice, and begins his annual pilgrimage to his Mecca—the Newport Casino. To be sure, his route is a circuitous one—this season it runs *via* the Essex Country Club, the Longwood Cricket Club, Bar Harbor, and Narragansett Pier—but during this pilgrimage of practice, which lasts over a month, he gets into his best possible form for the final struggle. Campbell has gone into business, and there is little chance of his having the time to devote to this long preparation for the championship tournament. Without this practice he would hardly be trained well enough to compete against those who had had it, and would stand but a small chance in such an unequal competition.

No man has ever yet lost and then regained the American tennis championship; and despite popular theories to the contrary, I am strongly of the opinion that not one of our three ex-champions could do so. A man is at his best only once, and after reaching the pinnacle of fame he loses much of the ambition which formerly spurred him on. He must struggle against a host of inferior players for the privilege of trying for the honors he once held. He has everything to lose by defeat, and practically nothing to gain by victory. Should Campbell decide to try again for the championship, I do not believe he will succeed in regaining the title he declined to defend last year. Nor do I think either Sears or Slocum could again win the much-coveted title. I believe that each was the best exponent of the game during his reign as "king-pin," but that the younger and more ambitious players would now crowd out all three in their race for new honors.

But be that as it may, the outlook for the season of 1894 is an encouraging one. There will be few retirements of importance among the "cracks," and the large number of promising young players will probably more than fill any gaps in the ranks. Of course it is much too early to risk any predictions of probable winners. The odds always favor the retention of the championship by the holder, and there is perhaps no reason to suppose that Wrenn will not succeed in defending the title he so cleverly won last year, yet there are many who believe that a new champion will be recorded at the end of the season about to begin. This prediction is largely based on the fact that Wrenn has not had much experience among first-class experts, as did the previous holders when they won the championship. While he is a player of undoubted ability, his high standard of play both last year and in 1892 was only maintained by continual practice and tournament play against other experts.

Owing to the precedent established, it is doubtful if Wrenn will ever play in many of the season's events, and unless he gets much practice against other able opponents in private, he is hardly likely to show his best form at Newport in August. Besides, many of the most competent and impartial critics who saw the last rounds of the tournament at Newport last year agree that it was only by a phenomenal burst of brilliancy that Wrenn won the championship, and that it is unlikely that he will ever again play such tennis, and if at all, probably not at the moment when he needs it most in order to retain his title. The score of his match against Marion R. Wright, who was never considered even a first class player—6-2, 11-9, 4-6, 3-6, 6-2—seems to bear out this position somewhat, though even the most steady men have their occasional "off days," and Wrenn is far

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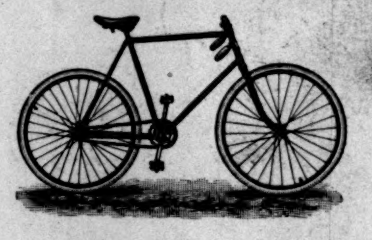

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from a steady man at any time; he is essentially erratic in his style of play.

Of the men most likely to "be in at the death," or, at least, to face Wrenn in the challenge match, Hovey, I think, at the present writing, stands the strongest chances of success. Hobart, who will probably play again this season, has not the constitution to successfully withstand the severe strain of the long campaign and the week of high-strung nervous suspense. Both last year and in 1892 he appeared to have excellent chances for the championship, and each time broke down at the critical point. Larned and Malcolm Chace may either of them develop the little additional skill to place them on top, for each showed occasional bursts of cleverness last season that were undoubtedly championship form. Richard Stevens has probably reached the limitations of the style of game he is devoted to, while the Hall brothers, J. S. Clark, W. P. Knapp, Q. A. Shaw, and H. A. Taylor have probably all passed the palmy days of their tennis careers, and should be classed among the "has beens."

The schedule of official fixtures for the approaching season has been made up by the National Lawn-tennis Association. One of its most noticeable features is the number of invitation events upon the programme. This list seems to swell each year, and its size already begins to threaten the health of the sport in this country. The custom of holding these invitation tournaments is a purely American one, and has a bad tendency toward freezing out the younger element. Only a few of the most expert players in the country are invited to play in most of these affairs, and the clever second-class men and many of those of the first class are entirely ignored. This furnishes lots of sport for the experts and the spectators, but will it not eventually kill the sport? It has been planned to hold invitation tournaments at West Newton, Massachusetts, June 25th; Tuxedo Park, New York, July 2d; Essex, Massachusetts, July 16th; Sorrento, Maine, August 6th; and there will probably also be a similar event for a handsome new challenge trophy at the Morris Park Jockey Club on June 18th.

A commendable innovation has been made in this year's schedule. Narragansett Pier will once more become an important tennis centre, as it was not very many seasons ago. The Eastern championship at men's doubles will be held there during the week before the big event at Newport, August 13th, and the play-off between the winners of the Western championship and the champions of the East will take place immediately after the tournament. The challenge match for the National championship at doubles between the challengers and Hobart and Hovey, the present holders, will be played at Newport during the big championship meeting, which will begin on August 21st. This seems to be an admirable solution of the old difficulty over this branch of the U. S. N. L. T. A. events.

Other important championship dates arranged include the women's singles, women's doubles, and mixed doubles; National championships, at Philadelphia, beginning on June 12th; Western championship at men's doubles, at Chicago, on July 10th; Intercollegiate championships, at New Haven, on October 2d; Interscholastic championships (preliminary rounds—the finals will take place at Newport during the championship week), at Cambridge, New Haven, Princeton, and New York, on May 5th; Southern championship, at Washington, on May 21st; New England championship, at New Haven, on May 29th; Middle States championship, at Orange, on June 27th; New York State championship, at Saratoga, on July 16th; and the Long Island championship, at Southampton, on July 30th.

Open tournaments of importance will also be held on the following dates: July 9th—Seabright Cricket Club, of Seabright, New Jersey; July 14th—Knickerbocker Tennis Club, of New York; July 23d—Longwood Cricket Club, of Boston; July 30th—Outing and Tennis Club, of Newcastle, New Hampshire; July 30th—Kebo Valley Tennis Club, of Bar Harbor, Maine; August 6th—Bar Harbor Tennis Club, of Bar Harbor, Maine; September 4th—Nyack Country Club, of Nyack New York; September 11th—Rockaway Hunting Club, of Cedarhurst, Long Island.

J. Parmly Paret.

THE SEVENTH PAYS FOR ITS ARMORY.

On Thursday evening the famous Seventh Regiment—the original National Guard of the country—celebrated the emancipation of its armory from debt, and in doing so clinched its claim to be considered the foremost regiment on this continent. The regiment has been in the armory for thirteen years, but so great was the cost of the building that only in January last were the final bonds called in and paid.

The movement to procure a new armory for the regiment began in 1867, and in March, 1868, the first committee on site was appointed. Reservoir Park (now Bryant Park) was the first site chosen; but the city, though it would do much for the Seventh, would not yield that play-ground. In 1874 the city gave to the regiment a long lease of the ground now occupied by the armory, on Park and Lexington avenues, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets, and in 1876 the regiment decided to build its own armory. Generous subscriptions were made by veterans, by members, and by the public. In 1879 the officers were authorized to issue bonds; in November of the same year a fair was opened in the armory building—the social event of the season, as it turned out—and enough money was raised to complete the building, which had cost $605,000.

The public festivities of the Seventh Regiment are less numerous than those of many other regiments, and consequently are more noteworthy; but Thursday's celebration outdid anything ever before attempted by any regiment. Five thousand tickets were issued for a review of the regiment by Brigadier-General Louis Fitzgerald, commanding the First Brigade, and twice that number were prepared for a reception to follow the military ceremonies. Committees to take charge of the details of the affair were appointed several weeks ago, and as much care was taken to have everything move smoothly as if the regiment was making its début, instead of being an experienced and elderly host.

More persons than ever before were in the armory had passed the doors on Thursday evening when the ceremonies began. General Fitzgerald was received by the guard mounted for the purpose, with Captain Dewson as officer of the day, and Lieutenants Nesbitt and Clark as officers of the guard. The regiment was formed in two battalions, commanded by Majors Kipp and Abrams.

When Colonel Appleton presented the regiment to General Fitzgerald the scene was one seldom seen in this country. The huge building was crowded with gayly dressed men and women; in the centre of the great floor stood a gray-and-white-clad man; behind him ten full companies of men, the best blood of New York city, trained for war as perfectly as men can be trained who do not make war their business; in front of him the glittering figures of the commanding general and his staff; and the ruffle of the drums in honor of the reviewing officer must have been merely formal if it did not stir the blood and quicken the pulse of every man and woman within the armory.

The review was followed by regimental parade, after which crosses of honor (other regiments carelessly call them "long-service medals") were presented to members of the regiment who had gained them during the preceding year, and a short but magnificently executed drill brought the military exercises to an end. After they were over, the reception began.

For it every room in the building had been decorated; flowers, flags, bunting, hangings, were in artistic profusion; refreshments were served generously; and when "taps" was sounded, the morning was well advanced.

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